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RT. REV. JOSEPH F. McGLINCHEY, D.D.

DIOCESAN DIRECTOR OF THE SOCIETY FOR
THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
By
REV. T. GAVAN DUFFY, M.Ap.
PONDICHERRY, INDIA

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH
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To

His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell

whose fatherly counsel, wise guidance and steadfast patronage have made Boston's charity to the Church's Apostolate known in every corner of the great white harvest field, this book is respectfully dedicated.

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CONTENTS

		Page
Illustrations		ix
Introduction		xv
Preface		xxi
Chapter I.	Ceylon	1
II.	Madura and Trichinopoly	17
III.	Tanjore, Kumbakonam and Cuddalore	34
IV.	Pondicherry, Tindivanam and Gingee	43
V.	Sattiamangalam	56
VI.	Vellantangal, Budamangalam, Chetput, Arni and Vellore	68
VII.	Madras and Mylapore	84
VIII.	Bezwada and Guntur	95
IX.	Calcutta	111
X.	Chota Nagpur	121
XI.	Patna	143
XII.	Agra	155
XIII.	Lahore	167
XIV.	Karachi	175
XV.	Bombay	209
XVI.	Baroda and Anand	224
XVII.	Bombay — Return and Farewell	241
XVIII.	Some Observations	258

ILLUSTRATIONS

Rt. Rev. Francis T. Roche, S.J., D.D., and Bishops at his Consecration ..... *Frontispiece*
The Harbor of Colombo 2
Henry P. McGlinchey, S.J. 3
The Beach at Colombo 4
His Grace Archbishop Coudert 5
Ceylon Gentleman 6
Holy Man and Worshiper 7
Procession of the Sacred Tooth 8
Bishop Beekmeyer 9
Papal Seminary at Kandy 10
Seminary Staff 11
Buddhist Monks of Ceylon 12
Distributing Water 13
A Jungle Sick Call 14
Young Ceylon 15
Fr. Prince and Group of Kaller Converts from the Robber Caste . 16
The Gay Colored Cart 17
Carved Figures at the Entrance to the Hall of a Thousand Pillars 20
Bishop Faisandier 21
Fr. Roche and his Two Reverend Brothers 22
An Indian Seminarian 23
Sisters of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors 24
Trichy Shrine and Sacred Pool 27
Sodalists, Jesuit College, Trichinopoly 28
Where there is no Chapel, Mass is often celebrated in a Stable . 31
Modest Mission Chapel 32
Chapel built for $1,000 33
In the Tanjore Palace 35
At Kumbakonam 36
The Lepers' Church at Kumbakonam 37
Sisters Treating the Lepers 38
A Priest who has Contracted Leprosy and is Being Treated by the Sisters 40
Fathers at Cuddalore with Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny 41
Saturday Afternoon 42
Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, M.Ap., and Most Rev. E. J. Morel, D.D. 43
Boston has put Fifteen Students through the Pondy Seminary .. 44
Pondicherry Cathedral 45
Church at Tindivanam, Educational Headquarters of Pondicherry Mission 47
Nursing Sisters 48

Brothers of St. Gabriel, Tindivanam 48
Training School and St. Ann's, Tindivanam 51
Going Up 52
Coming Down 53
The Catechist of Kil-Arni 53
A Votive Steed outside Pagan Temple, Gingee 54
Bound for Dr. Chavanol's Dispensary 55
A Haunt of Monkeys 56
From the Tank to the Chapel 58
The "Workers are Few" Chapel 59
Fr. Tom's Band 60
Born Orators 61
St. Anthony's School, Sattiamangalam 62
Saints (we hope) and Scholars 62
Practicing the "Star Spangled Banner" in Tamil 63
The Baby Christ has Brothers Everywhere 64
Christmas Morning brings its own Troubles 65
Final Picture in Middle of Reservoir 66
Preparing the Bombs 67
Mater Admirabilis Convent, Vellantangal 69
St. Patrick's School, Vellantangal 71
Calisthenics 72
Fr. Boyer in his Cart 73
The Gospel of the Plow 74
Fr. Colas in Front of the Church built by his Predecessor at Chetput 75
Rev. J. F. Darras 76
Kil-Arni Church 79
Low Mud Huts 80
With Bishop Despatures in Vellore Convent Yard 81
In the Portico of the Temple 82
Esplanade, Madras 83
Archbishop Aelen of Madras 84
A Wee Madrasi 85
A Little English Girl, Madras 86
Our Good Friend, the Late Fr. Merkes 87
Samples of Fr. Aelen's Photographic Work 89
Indian Snake Charmer 92
The Children's Friend 94
Imperial Youth 96
5.30 A.M. Ugh! 97
Bezwada Mission Church 99
Lay Apostles, Bezwada 100
Bezwada Beggars 101
Small Interior Station 102
Rolling Back to Bezwada 103
Another Bezwada Out-Mission 104
Bishop Vismara 104
An Out-Station Convent, Bezwada 105

The Dispensary 106
One of the Big Needs in Bezwada is Catechists 107
Time for the Train, Father Traveler 108
A Bezwada Belle 110
In Calcutta, Fr. Tom and I got back into Black Clothing..... 111
The Late Archbishop of Calcutta, Dr. Meuleman 112
A Big Man on a Bigger Beast..... 113
All In..... 114
A Corner in a School..... 115
A Stupendous Barrier 116
Chatting with the Himalayas 117
Grace before Meals 118
Post Office, Calcutta..... 119
Bishop Taveggia 120
Brown Water-Lilies..... 121
One of the Village Schools 123
They keep Coming and Coming..... 124
Ranchi Church in the Building 127
Ranchi Church Today 128
The Little Sisters 131
Native Novices 132
Welcome to Khunti 133
Ursuline Sisters, Khunti 134
A Munda Dance 135
After Sunday Mass 137
The First Chapel in a Newly Converted Village..... 138
Catholics of Chota Nagpur, returning Home to their Villages after Sunday Mass 139
Farewell to Khunti 141
A Friend in Bengal 142
The Eloquent Sleeper 144
When Fr. Westropp was with the American Indians..... 145
His Excellency, the Most Rev. Alexis Henry M. Lepicier, O.S.M., D.D., Apostolic Visitor to India..... 146
The Hierarchy of India, 1922 148
Michael 152
Benares, the Rome of Pagan India 153
Picture taken from the Railway Bridge as our Train Steamed into Allahabad 154
Our Capuchin Hosts at Agra 156
Doing the Sights of Agra 157
The Taj Mahal, the World's most nearly Perfect Building 158
The Agra Fort 160
A Mogul Tomb 160
Flowers in Precious Stones 161
Carrying the Body to the River 162
Dipping Corpse in the Sacred River 162
The Corpse ready for the Fire 163
Lacework in Marble 164

A Type of Cart peculiar to Agra 165
Mohammedans at Prayer in the Chief Mosque at Agra 166
Bishop Eestermans 167
Model of Lahore Cathedral for Vatican Exhibition 168
High Altar, Lahore Cathedral 169
Bishop Eestermans and his Capuchin Staff 170
Marble Grating 171
The Mother of a Native Bishop and two Priests 172
Franciscan Tertiaries 173
Henry in an Outlying Mission 174
St. Mary's High School, Mazagon 178
St. Patrick's High School, Karachi 179
The Goal of our Pilgrimage, Henry's Grave in Karachi 180
His Indian Boy Friends 182
Henry at Innsbruck 183
On the Mission Trail 184
In Touch with Native Converts 185
Boys at St. Patrick's School 186
School Cart, Karachi 187
Michael and Fr. Tom 190
The Traveler 190
An Outcaste 196
Caste Boys 197
If an Outcaste gets a Drink of Water from a Caste-Man, he may not touch the Drinking Vessel 198
The Barber Caste 200
A Caste Catechist 201
One of the Trichinopoly Churches 202
The Scavenger Caste 203
A Government Employee 204
Bishop Roche 205
A Telugu Priest 206
A Tamil Priest 207
A Mission School 208
Archbishop Goodier 209
The High Court, Bombay 211
The Poor of Bombay 212
A Pagan God 213
Franciscan Missionaries of Mary 214
The Gateway of Zeal 215
Missionary Inspiration at its Source 216
Eliza, the Negro Nurse at Bandra Orphanage 220
A Fakir 222
A Pathan Piper 223
A Royal Lady 224
An Indian Maharaja 225
A Pair of Friends 226
Another Pair of Friends 227
Untouchable . . . But 228

Grace can Touch Them ... 229
Royal Table, carved in Mission School ... 230
A Costly Cloak ... 232
Spoils of the Hunt ... 233
The Traveler is Uplifted ... 234
But Jumbo Sinks under Fr. Tom ... 235
When the Bullock becomes a Horse ... 236
Fr. Gunter, S.J., on Horseback ... 237
Daughters of the Cross ... 239
Our Conveyance to the School ... 240
Entrance to Elephanta Caves, Bombay ... 241
The Wealth of India ... 242
Tower of Silence ... 243
A Group of Parsis ... 244
A Pagan Priest ... 245
Interior of Hindu Temple ... 246
Sacred Bull ... 249
Snake Worship ... 250
Fr. Schubiger, S.J. ... 252
I want to be a Sister ... 253
A Christian Death-Bed in India ... 254
A Typical Native House ... 255
With Fr. Bennett ... 256
Salaam! Au Revoir! ... 257
Pioneer Work among the Pagans is not the only Preoccupation of our Missionaries ... 258
They must also Teach the Christians ... 259
They must have Churches and Seminaries ... 260
They must build Large and Permanent Churches ... 261
A Veteran Missionary ... 262
Catholic Collegians ... 263
School-Teachers ... 264
Cloister of Catholic University, Pekin, China ... 265
Three Seminarians supported by American Benefactors ... 267
Junior Seminarians ... 267
Selecting a Catechist ... 268
Catechists in Training ... 269
A Catechist ... 270
A Living Staircase ... 271
Where Dr. Dengel received her Missionary Experience ... 273
The Village Doctor ... 275
The Mission Doctor ... 276
Sacred Heart School, Lahore ... 277

INTRODUCTION

Many busy week-days at the desk and many heavy Sundays in the pulpit, year in and year out — such is the foundation upon which any Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith builds his claim to the title of "Missioners' Friend"; and no man has earned the title better than the Author of this book. For the past fourteen years, under the steadfast patronage of His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, Monsignor J. F. McGlinchey has presided over the missionary education of the Archdiocese of Boston, extending the work of his predecessors with unflagging activity and complete disinterestedness on his part and the most loyal coöperation on the part of his staff.

Nor has the effort ever been directed to producing spasmodic bursts of sentimental frenzy in favor of the Missions, but to creating a well-informed public opinion, ready for solid and unfailing sacrifice as an integral part of our Catholic life. It is in accordance with this policy that you will find his "Mission Catechism" and his translations of missionary books, such as "The Workers are Few" and "The Conversion of the Pagan World," replete with the facts of the case much more than with its heart-appeal.

Needless to say, these works have spread beyond the borders of Boston; of the "Mission Catechism" half a million copies are in circulation throughout

the country; and I know that every Mission interest in America today counts implicitly on the sympathetic understanding and active support of Monsignor McGlinchey.

And, indeed, he has had unique opportunities, and used them well. He had been only three years in the Boston Propagation Office when His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, anxious to put him in touch with the operative end of Mission work, sent him to visit the various Foreign Mission Seminaries of Europe. (On this trip, he was accompanied by his Jesuit brother, whose grave in India was the term of his pilgrimage to our "coral strand.")

Cardinal O'Connell's *envoi* on this occasion took the form of a parable. "The Mission Seminaries," His Eminence said, "are the tree trunks, in which is generated the sap of zeal; their branches spread to the ends of the earth. Later we must send you to see the fruit ripening on the uttermost boughs."

Accordingly, after twelve years of correspondence with the Mission Field and innumerable talks with passing Missioners, when the Office at home was running so smoothly and efficiently as to be a recognized model for many of its younger brethren, His Eminence felt that now the time had come for Monsignor McGlinchey to study the many details that he could not learn otherwise than from an actual visit to the Orient; and, further, that only thus could he bring about that personal contact between the benefactors at home and the men at the front which is so vastly more effective than any amount of theory. And so, in 1922, he went to Japan, Corea, China, Indo-China and India. A

few other American priests have, in recent years, seen large sections of the Mission Field and recorded some of their findings. As none of them has given much time or space to India, Monsignor McGlinchey writes of India first, in this book. We may hope that it is only the beginning of a series; anyhow, it contains the Indian Impressions of one who saw with fair thoroughness and absolute impartiality.

Some of the chapters I saw being written while the perspiration poured from the Author's brow. These are the earlier pages of the book; they speed along on hurried feet, too hot and tired for much comment; they see and describe and pass on. The later chapters, written at home from ample notes, are more speculative and didactic; they pause and discuss more general questions of Mission interest than was possible in the diary-style of the part written on the road; the serious Mission-lover will find them worth dwelling on in greater detail.

And the photographs? Just as a kindly Providence allowed me to pilot the Author through the intricacies of his Indian Tour, so It brought me to Boston just in time to help in steering this record through the Press. We took the pictures together in India — we worked over them together in Boston; and it would be hard to say whether we had more fun (and toil) sorting and placing the pictures for the book or more toil (and fun) sorting and placing our impressions during the trip. Of one thing you may rest assured — that the Author is a good comrade at work and a good companion at play; so you can start out for India with him and have no doubt of a good time ahead.

If the text and the pictures of this book have one message clearer than another, it is this: all the good works which are comprised within a "Diocese" at home are also to be expected in a "Mission" abroad. You will not hear only (if at all) in these pages, of the Missioner in the jungle, hunting tigers with one hand and souls with the other. You will hear of the Missioner *teaching*, by means of Catechists, Schools, Colleges and Universities. You will hear of the Missioner *building*, and see pictures of his rectories, chapels, churches and cathedrals. You will hear of hospitals, coöperative banks, orphanages, asylums. You will hear of native Indian students, seminarians, priests and bishops. And you will conclude, quite rightly, that it costs as much to run a "Mission" abroad as a "Diocese" at home.

And, logically, you will renounce in your heart the all too common error of thinking that "The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, through its memberships, attends to all that." It does not, nor does it claim to; it helps as much as it possibly can, but will never do it all. When its best efforts have been put forth and its generous alms distributed, there still remains ninety per cent of the expenses to be met from the patrimony of the Missioners, the pennies of the converts and the private friends of each particular work. The thing is obvious. The Author of this book is himself an official of the Propagation of the Faith Society; yet so far is he from claiming for that (or any other) Society a monopoly of Mission Aid, that it is absolutely true to state that many a Mission (and mine not least) would have gone out of business a dozen times in

the past few years, if it had not been assisted, in matters which the Society does not officially touch, by gifts and Mass stipends collected by Monsignor McGlinchey himself, and by others equally *au fait* with Mission actualities.

Do your duty then, dear Reader, by the Propagation of the Faith Society as organized in your locality; and then learn from this book some of the hundreds of other ways which the Lord leaves open to your zeal.

And meanwhile, keep saying, with deeper and deeper feeling as you realize the Missions better through these pages,

Thy Kingdom come!
Thy Kingdom come!
THY KINGDOM COME!

T. GAVAN DUFFY.

October 15, 1925
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

PREFACE

Shortly before the writer left for the Far East, he was asked to record the impressions of his journey in *Catholic Missions*, by the National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Monsignor (now Bishop) Freri. The first contribution was printed in the issue of January, 1923, and others appeared monthly up to March of this year.

Many requests to publish the articles in book form came from friends; but not until the present National Director of the Society, Monsignor Quinn, urged such a publication was it decided upon.

That the volume is generously illustrated is due in large measure to the forethought of the traveler's guide and companion through India, the Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, M.Ap. The traveler, a novice at photography, brought with him a very ordinary camera; the companion had two (borrowed for the trip) and they were quite out of the ordinary. This accounts for the fact that the traveler appears in so many — perhaps too many — pictures. Fr. Duffy not only took the best pictures, but lent to the task of introducing them into the text an artistic temperament, a power to visualize, patience and perseverance.

Grateful acknowledgment is also made to the author and publishers of the *Stoddard Lectures* for graciously supplying a number of half-tones.

The occasional reference to strenuous travel and fatigue will, perhaps, be better understood by calling to the attention of the reader the fact that India was the tail end of the Mission Tour; for Japan, Corea, China and Indo-China had preceded.

The tour was not for pleasure. It was made in the interest of the missions. It was a business trip. But it was not without its social side nor did it lack touching experiences, many of which are not even referred to.

It was a delight to meet men and women with whom one had corresponded for a dozen years, to hear the words of gratitude one had so often read in their letters, to see with one's own eyes living conditions that no missionary could adequately describe even with the most gifted pen.

One pathetic incident not mentioned in the text may be noted here. It was a meeting with an old friend and protégé who had contracted leprosy. A few months after returning to the Office, a letter came from this poor priest. It began with an expression of appreciation for some little courtesy shown him in his mission; this was followed by an appeal for assistance to travel some distance for treatment; it closed with the words "If you ask the public to help me, please do not mention my name. The world is small, and I do not want my dear old mother to know that her boy is a leper." We made the appeal, got a handsome response, and "his dear old mother" never knew, at least on earth. She has since gone to her reward. The missionary is undergoing treatment in Burmah. Let us hope and pray for a cure.

The amusing incidents mentioned are naturally among the pleasant memories of the trip. There were others arising from Hindu manners, customs and mode of life that are best untold. India is a strange land and is inhabited by a stranger people. As stated in the text, monotony is not a characteristic of Indian travel.

In Fr. Gavan Duffy's Introduction he emphasizes the absence of the romantic and the sentimental in the book. He calls attention to the appeal to the mind rather than to the heart of the reader. The author was not conscious of this while writing. He did not designedly avoid the sentimental side of mission life. It must, however, be admitted that, after years of mission study one inclines to the bigger and more fundamental enterprises, setting aside the popular impression that all missions are in the formative state and that the physical ministrations to the natives, the personal discomforts and hardships of the missionaries should be the only basis of appeal.

These are but secondary; they are only a means to an end. The value of a soul should be the chief basis of appeal, for the saving of souls is the objective. The bigger, more important projects and the more direct method of conversion are really what count.

Among the bigger, more important and more lasting activities there are two that stand out in relief: the education of a native clergy and a native Sisterhood and the multiplication of *well-trained* catechists. These fundamental works have been stressed. If the reader carries away a better understanding of these two phases of mission endeavor and coöperates in them, *Mission Tours* will have served a purpose.

Join the International, Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith as a Perpetual or a Special member; at least become an Ordinary member. If you can give your time as well as your money, secure a Promoter's card and thus interest others. But do not feel that your generosity and your zeal should stop here. The purpose of the *Society* is to support our missionaries. The upbuilding and maintenance of their churches, seminaries, schools, hospitals and orphanages must be cared for as well. All this is accomplished through gifts and Mass stipends, without which most missions would be forced to close their doors.

JOSEPH F. McGLINCHEY.

Feast of the Presentation,
November 21, 1925.

Chapter I

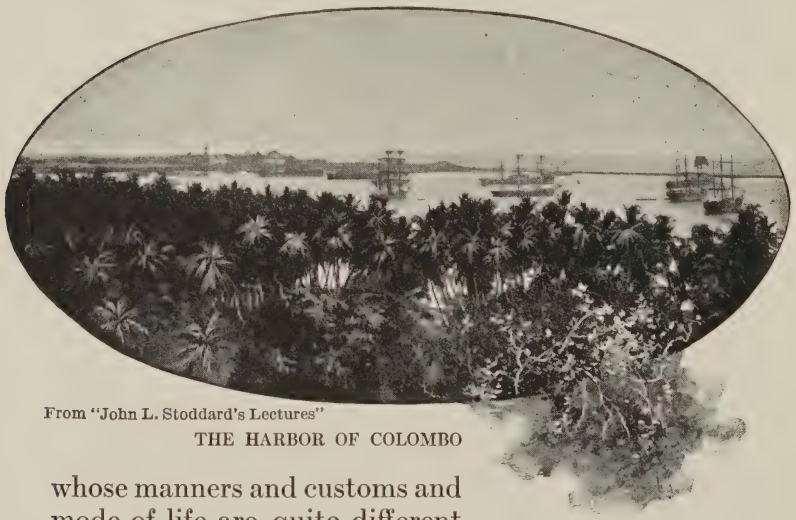
CEYLON

IT was at Colombo that I disembarked from the *Armand Behic*, which had taken me from Hongkong to Tonkin and Cochin China and thence through the Straits Settlements, with two very interesting stops at Singapore and Penang.

We were three days behind schedule in arriving at Colombo. The boat anchored in the harbor, and I was the only first-class passenger to land. Though the hour was late, my companion for the next six weeks, the Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, Supervisor of Parochial Schools in the diocese of Pondicherry, India, found his way in a small boat to the gangway. After bidding good-bye to a few of my fellow passengers with whom I had become better acquainted than with the others, during the

past two weeks, I accompanied my guide to the shore.

Ceylon is not a part of India. Yet I realized that I was on the threshold of that great country with over a fifth of the world's population, with people



From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

THE HARBOR OF COLOMBO

whose manners and customs and mode of life are quite different from those of the Japanese, Coreans, Chinese, Annamites, and Malays among whom I had sojourned during the past three months.

I was glad to meet Fr. Tom, for I had learned to know him while he was in the United States. Subsequent correspondence, more intimate and confidential than is customary with missionaries, helped me to appreciate his love for his work, his zeal for souls, his honest, straightforward character.

It was about half a mile to the pier and about three miles to the Archbishop's house, where we were to

spend the night. Each had much to tell the other; but somehow there was not much said. I was thinking of someone else who might have met me had God seen fit to spare him. Perhaps Fr. Tom perceived this. Yes, my thoughts reverted to the death at Karachi, far up north in the Sind Desert, on the border of Baluchistan, of my own brother Henry, a Jesuit Scholastic, a little over four years before.

HENRY P. McGLINCHEY, S.J.

He was young and energetic. He just bristled with life and action. His cheerful, lively disposition won the hearts of the Indian and Eurasian boys at St. Mary's College, Bombay, where he spent two years, and at St. Patrick's High School, Karachi, where he breathed his last, a victim of the world-wide warning from heaven, which for want of a better name we called the Spanish influenza.

I thought of his letters, of his plans for the future, of the cable that announced his death, of the way in which our brave little mother received the news. I was sick in the hospital with the same dread disease. A priest friend, who brought word to me, in company with another brother, broke the news to her. When the first shock was over, she said: "Thank God for sparing Fr. Joseph to look after me!" She did not need my care long, for she went to her reward three months later on Christmas

night, and — may we not say, finished the Feast in heaven?

These were the thoughts that ran through my

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THE BEACH AT COLOMBO

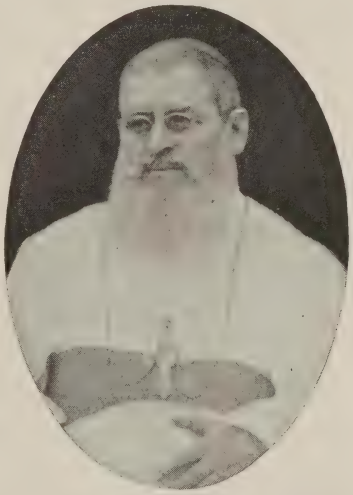
brain as we were rowed to the dock, and later while on our way to the home of Archbishop Coudert.

It was well after ten when we drove into the garden and through the long lines of cocoanut palms that lead to the house. All was still, for not knowing when the boat would arrive, the Fathers (Oblates of Mary Immaculate) had retired at ten o'clock, an hour later than usual. I was glad, for they rise at half-past four.

Fr. Tom went to his room to arouse his faithful boy, Michael, who, as I have since learned, is his

Mass server, cook, waiter, and general utility man. Michael, of course, is an Indian. He took my two valises to my room and returned to his mat on the floor beside the bed of his master.

It was not long before I, too, was stretched on my mat, the usual covering on the springless beds that serve for missionary and guest alike in tropical Ceylon. The motion of the boat was still in my feverish brain, and sleep was not for me.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP COUDERT

At breakfast, I met His Grace and most of the community. The Archbishop gave me two of his white linen cassocks, one of which I was counseled to put on before starting out to visit the various institutions in the city. It proved a blessing.

Although the missionaries had everywhere spoken of the welcome, refreshing winter season, which "renews their health and gives them strength to face nine more months of enervating heat," I was sweltering, especially in the sun. What must the summer be?

I learned that Msgr. Brault, the Oblate Bishop of Jaffna, and Msgr. Van Reeth, the Jesuit Bishop of Galle (both of whom have since died), had come to Colombo to meet me, but because of my late arrival (three days behind schedule) they could not wait.

CEYLON GENTLEMAN

At dinner, I met Msgr. Robichez, the Jesuit Bishop of Trincomalee. These three dioceses with that of Kandy, which we visited the next day, make up the four suffragan sees of the diocese of Colombo. All five are on the island of Ceylon.

The territory covered by the diocese of Colombo is one-sixth Catholic. Out of a total population of a million and a half, there are 260,000 in the Church. The city itself, with a quarter of a million souls, counts twenty-five per cent. who are baptized in the Faith.

As mission countries go, the diocese of Colombo is well provided with churches (300), and not so badly off as many others in regard to missionaries (132), most of whom, like His Grace, are French Oblates. The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, the Sisters of the Holy Family, and the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary have schools and academies for girls. The first two communities have each over 150 native Sisters under their direction. The Little Sisters of the Poor look after the aged.

But the great surprise is found in the schools. His Grace told me that he had 49,000 children in Catholic schools, and only six or seven hundred throughout the diocese who are not in parochial schools. This is remarkable, notwithstanding the fact that St. Francis Xavier preached in Ceylon as far back as 1544.

There are two colleges for boys: one conducted by the Oblate Fathers, with 1200 pupils, and the other by the Irish Christian Brothers, with an equal number of students. In the former, seventy-five per cent. of the boys are Catholic, while the latter has but four per cent. who are not Catholics.

This fact I found most encouraging, for in Japan the students in the schools of the Marianist Brothers are almost entirely pagan; this is true in most of the Brothers' schools which I visited in China, with the exception of Hongkong. I do not want to convey the impression that the Brothers are responsible for this condition. They cannot help it if most of the boys sent to them are the children of pagan parents.

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HOLY MAN AND WORSHIPER

Moreover, in no such institutions throughout the Far East, whether for boys or girls, are the conversions numerous.

It would take more time and space than I have to give to the question to explain the reason for the existence of such schools. In passing, it might be

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PROCESSION OF THE SACRED TOOTH

noted that in most places, without pagan pupils it is impossible to finance these schools, colleges, and academies. Almost all the students pay and many are boarders. Moreover, in the minds of the missionaries these institutions are a valuable means of gaining influence for the Church.

Brief as was our stay in the capital of Ceylon, we saw enough of its hustling, alert Archbishop and of the Catholic spirit of the city to be deeply impressed. We were sorry not to be able to enjoy more of the hospitality so graciously shown us.

BISHOP BEEKMEYER

From Colombo to the ferry which we planned to take to the mainland is a run of about twelve hours. En route we were met by the Benedictine Bishop of Kandy, Msgr. Beekmeyer, in whose diocese is a Papal Seminary, conducted by the Belgian Jesuit Fathers.

Between Colombo and Peradeniya, where His Lordship took us in charge, the road winds up and around the mountains, giving at every turn delightful views of varied, tropical scenery. It reminded me of Hawaii. This district has been called the most beautiful that any train has ever traversed. Some say the Garden of Eden might well have been placed here.

At Peradeniya, we went through the Royal Botanic Gardens that rank with the most famous in the world. They cover 150 acres and are almost completely skirted by a winding river.

In the sleepy, dreamy town of Kandy, four miles away, back in the fourth century was erected the Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha. It is a

PAPAL SEMINARY AT KANDY

pilgrimage resort. In 1560, the original molar was replaced by one of ivory, mounted on a lotus flower of pure gold. It is four inches long and an inch in diameter.

Kandy is a small diocese. It has 30,000 souls. Four-fifths of its twenty-five priests are sons of St. Benedict (the Sylvestrian Congregation). As we had but a few hours between trains, we saw only the three principal educational institutions: St. Anthony's College with 500 students, conducted by the Benedictines; Mt. Leo's School with 400 girls, directed by a community of twenty Good Shepherd Sisters (all from Ireland); and the Seminary.

This seminary was established in 1893, and up to the present has been supported directly from Rome. It is under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, the missionary arm of the Church's administration; hence its name, the Papal Seminary of Kandy. Its seventy-five students come from different dioceses in India and Ceylon, and are given a broader education than is afforded in the smaller diocesan ecclesiastical institutions.

After going through the building, making a tour of the grounds (it would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful location), and giving a talk to the seminarists, I was shown the foundations of a chapel which the good Fathers have not been able to complete for want of funds. If such a charity appeals to any of our readers, I shall be glad to supply further information.

One must be prepared for surprises on a long trip like this. A very pleasant one was in store for me here. Among the Fathers who welcomed us upon our arrival was an old friend, a New Englander at that, the Rev. Denis Lynch, S.J. Fr. Lynch has been seven years in the Bombay missions and, of course, knew my late brother Henry. He has since gone to the Philippines to join some thirty of his American confrères.

SEMINARY STAFF (Fr. Lynch is in black)

By eight o'clock the next morning, Saturday, December 16, we had finished Mass on the ferry boat which plies between Talaimannar (Mannar) and Ramaswaram (India). There were two priests on board besides ourselves. It seemed strange to say Mass on a ferry boat.

Mannar is a small island, connected with Ceylon by a bridge. It was converted by Fr. Francis Xavier, S.J., a relative of the great Apostle of the Indies of the same name. Today, notwithstanding years of

BUDDHIST MONKS OF CEYLON

horrible persecution, it has a Catholic population of 11,000.

The employees on the ferry are all Catholic, so much so that they carry everything required for the Holy Sacrifice, and are delighted when there is a priest among the passengers. We had hardly stepped on the boat when we were invited to vest for Mass. It was most edifying to see how devoutly these Indian sailors assisted.

When Mass was over the boat started across to India. It took two hours and was such a rough passage that it reminded me of my worst crossings of the English Channel, or from Havana to Key

West. The priests were the only passengers served with breakfast. Upon inquiring the price, we were told, "Nothing, Father, that's on the crew." Only three plates were needed. The fourth member of the party was looking for a soft bench. When the captain saw my predicament, he quickly produced a folding canvas bed and — all was well!

About 10 A.M. on Saturday, December 16, we set foot on Indian soil at Ramaswaram. At 11 A.M. the train which meets the boat started us on our long northward journey, which was to bring us almost to the delta of the Sacred Ganges and to the foot of the noble Himalayas.

* * * * *

The good French missionaries in China told me that my itinerary was "*trop pressé*." I agreed. There

DISTRIBUTING WATER

A JUNGLE SICK CALL

was no room for argument. But I felt that once I was in India, with good railroads and a more or less direct line north, it would be less tiring. It is good that we do not know what is ahead of us in this life.

The journey up the eastern coast was more strenuous than I had yet experienced. My guide, who showed no mercy, was bent on having me see as much as possible. Naturally, the missionary activities in his own diocese (Pondicherry) were not slighted. By increasing the number of places visited and shortening the time spent in each, we accomplished much in the six weeks allotted to this fascinating land where 264 different languages are spoken. It should be noted that the peoples who make up this great country differ as much among themselves in manners and customs and mode of life as the English and the French or the Germans and the Russians.

Dress! I never wished for the perfection of colored photography as I did in India. Turbans and trousers of countless colors! Saris of seventy different shades! The "sari" is a strip of cloth about fifteen feet by three, worn by the women. It is wound about the body so that it serves as a combined skirt, shawl, and headdress.

The natives of India may be roughly divided according to their religion into Hindus and Mohammedans. Both have their distinctive dress which, however, is subject to many variations from province to province. The main impression left upon an American is that of riotous color in violent and yet agreeable contrast with the monotony to which he is accustomed at home. Monotony, indeed, is quite the least of one's experiences on such a trip. From railroad to bullock bandy, from bicycle to camelback, from gharri to elephant, are the changes which, though they increase the fatigue, lend charm and variety to the journey.

YOUNG CEYLON

Never did I traverse the "Rocky Road to Dublin." I did, however, make twenty-five miles in a bullock bandy. This

is the only thing I have against Fr. Tom. And, if he ever notes a falling off in his mail from Boston (we seldom write to missionaries without sending a remittance), let him think of his ruthlessness in planning that most strenuous of days.

In five weeks, we visited twenty-five missions (either central or out-stations). So eager were we both to employ our days to the utmost that it was out of the question to do more than jot down a few rough notes each night. Even then, sleep often overcame us. I mention this by way of apology for the hurried and brief account that must follow of our Indian trip.

FR. PRINCE AND GROUP OF KALLER CONVERTS FROM THE ROBBER CASTE

Chapter II

MADURA AND TRICHINOPOLY

From Ramaswaram, where we disembarked from the Ceylon-India ferry, to Madura, the first mission to be visited, was a seven hours' ride. Fr. Gomez, S.J., the pastor, was on hand to greet us. In a gay colored cart, drawn by two well-trained bullocks, we made our way to the rectory. It was a novel experience. As the distance is short and the road good, this seemed quite a comfortable way of traveling. But there is a vast difference between smooth city streets and rough country roads, as I learned a week later.

Madura is a historic old city with a population of 134,000. The Jesuits went there in 1606. Many and varied are the vicissitudes through which this mission has passed. It now belongs to the diocese of Trichinopoly, which counts 277,000 Catholics, over a fourth of whom are in the Madura district.

THE GAY COLORED CART

The color scheme of In-

dian dress seems to have invaded the house of the good Fathers. At first, I thought I was meeting a group of cardinals. The Jesuits here and throughout the diocese wear bright red birettas and sashes of the same color. Because of this contrast with their snow-white cassocks, they present a striking appearance. The custom is now of long standing and, we were told, impresses the natives.

Progress seems to be the watchword of this mission. Among the members of the community we met a Fr. Prince, who aspires to nothing less than a Ford "Motor Chapel." The idea appealed to us also. As Fr. Prince has forty-nine schools to visit and, if his plan succeeds, will be able to say Mass in many small stations that otherwise would be visited but rarely, we felt he should be encouraged. Fr. Tom rather liked this plan to keep in touch with so many schools. As he is catholic in his sympathies, and hence does not confine his interests entirely to the schools of his own diocese, he volunteered to find a contribution among his own benefactors. I followed suit to the tune of one hundred dollars.

On the morning after our arrival, which was Sunday, I said the quarter-to-seven Mass. There were a thousand present. Solid red seemed to be the predominating color of the women's dress. Over this, they wore white shawls out of respect for the Sacramental Presence. My altar boys wore white cassocks (which fitted them), and neat, attractive red capes.

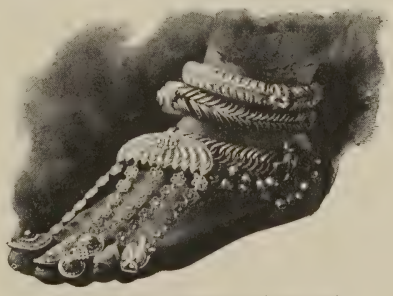
There were about 300 Communions. For the first time I experienced what it meant to get the Host

past the metal (gold or silver) pendants that hang from the women's noses. A book might be written on the decorations worn by men, women (chiefly the latter), and children in this pagan land.

From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

Earrings are almost universal, being often of extraordinary form, size, and weight. Jewels set in the nose with little screws and nuts, or suspended from it, are very common. Necklaces, of course, are quite ordinary. Rings are used to ornament the toes as well as the fingers. In the south, all natives go barefooted, even the Sisters. I have seen this as far north as Calcutta.

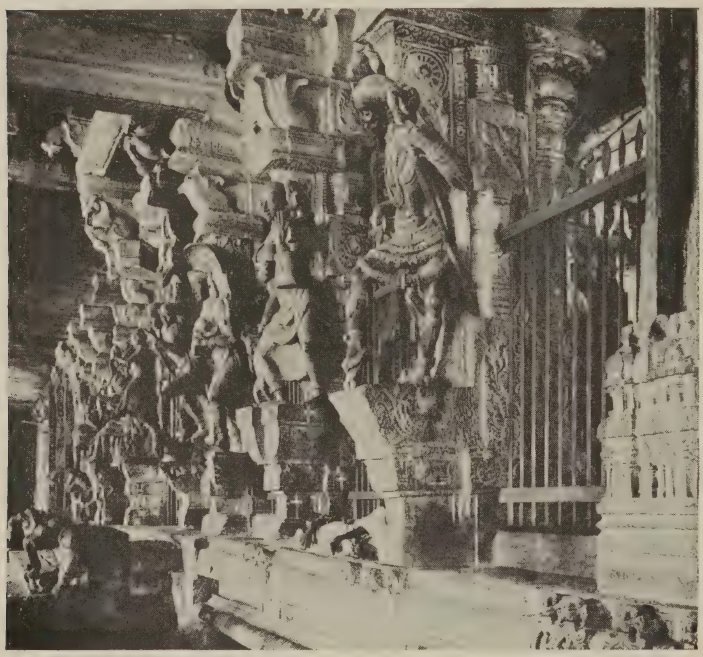
Before leaving this ancient mission center, we found time to go through the old Tirumala Nayak Rajah's Palace, now used as a courthouse. It is a relic of former splendor and was thirty-six years in building. Here is also the Great Temple, one of the most interesting Hindu shrines in India. It is surrounded by nine pyramidal towers, each of which is decorated with tiers of pagan gods artistically carved. Its two most noted features are the "Hall of a Thousand Pillars," and the "Tank of the Golden



From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

Lilies," where the devout were performing their religious ablutions, regardless of us "outcast" visitors.

It was in the see city of this diocese of Trichinopoly that we saw the center of the ecclesiastical activities



CARVED FIGURES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF A THOUSAND PILLARS

of the extreme south of India. "Trichy," as it is commonly called by the missionaries, is about five hours' ride from Madura. We got there on Sunday night at nine o'clock. Fr. Planchard, the Vicar General and Superior of the mission, met us at the station. Bishop Faisandier was at his door to re-

ceive us, notwithstanding the weight of his seventy years, half of which have been spent in India. His Lordship is a Jesuit. One hundred and fifty-five members of the Society of Jesus, some of whom are Indians, together with thirty native secular priests, make up the personnel of the diocese.

BISHOP FAISANDIER

As I look back at what we did by way of sightseeing (missionary and otherwise) in this city, on the following day, I wonder how it was possible. We began with the Cathedral, which, of course, is within the compound, and wound up with a reception in the little village of Sommarasumpaty, about five miles from the city, where a chapel is badly needed for a goodly group of fervent converts. Mass was being celebrated in a poor little shelter, very much in need of repair. It would not be worth $25.00 in our money. I promised to find a benefactor who would gladly give $500.00 for this purpose. The men (and women, too) will do all of the work. How these simple people did clap and salaam when the good news was announced! I felt better for having been there.

Receptions do not always mean that help is wanted. Sometimes they are a demonstration of gratitude. There were three other welcomes on that

FR. (NOW BISHOP) ROCHE (LEFT) AND HIS TWO REV. BROTHERS

memorable day. Two were given by communities of native Sisters and the third by 300 bright little black children in the Holy Redeemer parish. The pastor, Fr. Roche, an Indian Jesuit, and his two assistants, who are native secular priests, care for almost 10,000 souls, many of whom are in the outlying villages.

For years this hustling, energetic priest has been corresponding with our office. His letters, written in perfect English and interspersed with wit, confirmed my belief, based upon his name, that he was a son of the Emerald Isle. Lo and behold! when we were introduced to a native Indian, I could hardly believe my eyes.

When we had left Trichy and were talking over those whom we had met, I remarked that when Rome was ready to appoint an Indian Bishop, Fr. Roche would surely be on the list. Soon after my return to Boston, letters from Bishop Faisandier and Fr. Roche announced the latter's appointment as the

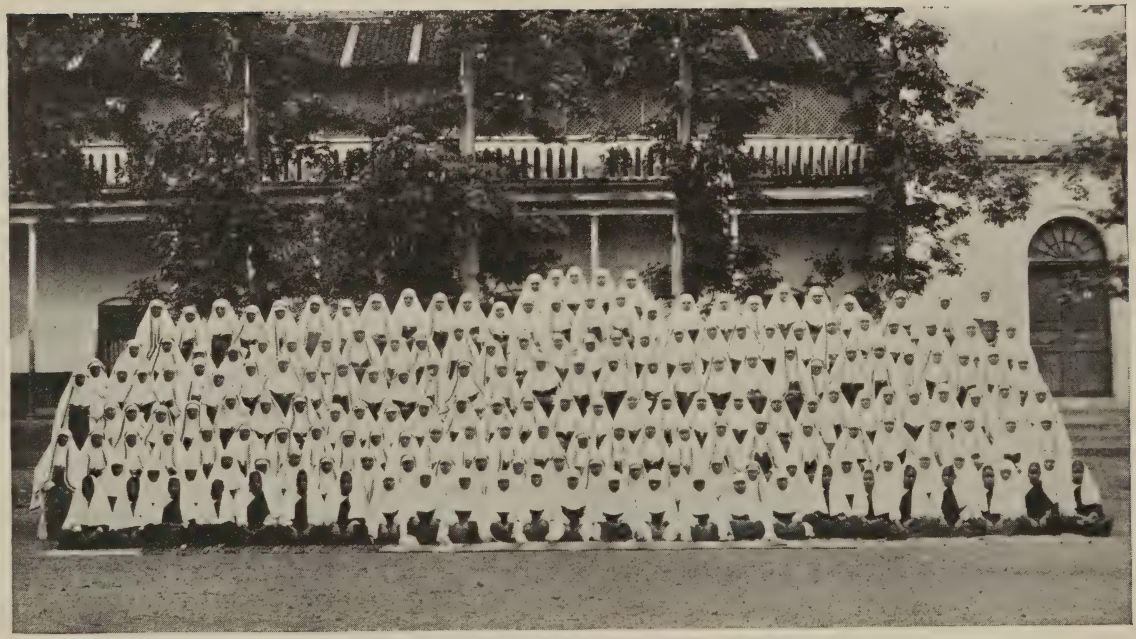
first native Bishop of the Latin Rite. There have been several of the Syro-Malabar Rite, three of whom are now living.

The ultimate solution of the mission problem is a native clergy. The only way to christianize a people is to raise up a priesthood that is indigenous. The pioneer work must be done by foreigners, but not until a nation has its own priesthood can the Church be said to be founded within its borders. Then, in the words of Benedict XV, in his Apostolic Letter, *Maximum Illud*, "If persecution ever threatens her existence, her roots and foundations will have struck too deep to give any chance of success to hostile attacks."

The establishment of a native clergy is one question. The psychological moment for handing over a diocese to them is another. And on this last point there is a diversity of opinion expressed by missionaries. I heard this question discussed pro and con in Japan, Corea, China, Indo-China, and also in India; and among the many important matters upon which I sought and received information, none interested me as much as this.

AN INDIAN SEMINARIAN

I visited many seminaries and met a number of native priests in the countries mentioned above. Most favorable indeed is the impression



SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF THE SEVEN DOLORS

I carried away of the training given to the seminarists, and of the excellent types of native priests everywhere.

The Church is in her infancy in the Orient. The physical endurance and energy, the mental equipment and mentality of the Oriental are different from those of the Occidental; but in the words of Benedict XV: "Linked as he is by the bonds of origin, character, mentality, and inclinations to his compatriots, the native priest possesses extraordinary facilities for introducing the Faith into their minds, and is endowed with powers of persuasion far superior to those of men of other nations. It thus frequently happens that he has access where a foreign priest could not set foot."

"*Ad multos annos*" of service and sacrifice to Bishop Roche! His task is by no means an easy one. Not the least of his difficulties will be that of handling the caste problem.

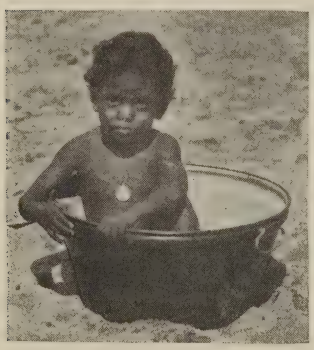
It was my good fortune to be in Trichy when 248 members of the native Sisters of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors were gathered for their annual month (retreat and summer school) at the Mother House. They were to disperse in a few days to the outlying stations in different parts of this extensive diocese.

Here for the first time I was "garlanded." With a necklace of fragrant flowers, a bouquet in one hand, and a ripe lime in the other, I was seated on a platform. I learned later that this is the place where their daily Mass is said. In fact, this large room where the reception was held serves as chapel, refectory, and dormitory all in one.

Never did I look upon a more happy, cheerful

group. They were all barefooted (even the Mother Superior), and sat upon the floor, which is of wood. I have since visited native convents where all the floors are of stone, brick, or even earth. The postulants were dressed in yellow, old-gold, red, or checkered saris, just as before they entered. There was absolutely no furniture in the room except a small organ and a stool for the organist.

Songs and an address made up the entertainment, all in Tamil. Now and then I could catch my name. The refrain to the song of welcome was, "May you come often and remain long!" I said a few words by way of acknowledgment, which were translated by Fr. Planchard.



Besides this Order of native Sisters, who have

many schools and who teach catechism to women, there are the native Sisters of St. Ann (104 in all), who are widows without children. They have hos-

TRICHY SHRINE AND SACRED POOL

pitals, orphanages, refuges for women, catechumenates, and a few schools. Like the Sisters of the Seven Dolors, they wear a white habit with a long, black scapular. They also lead the simple life. I met three of them who are the protégées of a Boston benefactress.

An industrial school, a normal school, and an orphanage for boys are in the compound. In another part of the city we visited St. Joseph's College and High School, each with a thousand students, and

SODALISTS, JESUIT COLLEGE, TRICHINOPOLY

the Small Seminary, where 120 boys are preparing to enter the class of philosophy. In the college 650 students are Catholic. It surprised me to learn that the boarders in the college and the Small Seminarists, like the Sisters of Our Lady, eat and sleep on the floor.

Two celebrated pagan temples were on the day's itinerary. One, the largest in India, is on the island of Sri Rangam, and is dedicated to Vishnu. The other was built in honor of Siva. Both Vishnu and Siva are Hindu gods. In Southern India they seem to have built their temples in pairs. Where there is one dedicated to Vishnu, you are sure to find another dedicated to Siva.

Fr. Tom had already been through these sacred sanctuaries, as the poor pagans consider them; besides, he had business in the city, so he did not accompany me. Fr. Bertram, Prefect of Studies at St. Joseph's, was my guide. He had just returned from an unsuccessful collecting tour in the United States. The island on which the Great Temple of Sri Rangam is located is the result of the division of the River Cauvery. It is reached by a bridge from the mainland.

On our way to the Temple, we stopped at the house of a pagan graduate of St. Joseph's. His father is a man of influence in this small but populous town of 25,000 inhabitants. In company with this young fellow, whose unrestrained attitude towards the priest reminded me of the cordial relations between our own boys and their professors in Catholic colleges at home, we proceeded to the massive monument. It took us about half an hour to go about.

We passed through a grand gateway forty-eight feet high, then along a passage lined with ornamented pilasters. Monoliths, forty feet high, support huge stones that form the roof. There is a vast outer wall which encloses the gardens and buildings. As at the entrance to most Indian temples, the outer courtyard is used for a bazaar. Inside of this is a second wall twenty feet high, which encloses the dwellings of the Brahmins who serve the temple.

The inner shrine, the most sacred spot, the real temple, is surrounded by still another wall. None but Hindus may enter here. Even this enclosure is not the last. There is one still more exclusive which contains the costly jewels of the temple.

It is difficult to describe the impression of these really wonderful structures, which represent years of sacrifice and labor — and all to propagate and promote the pagan practices which keep their poor benighted patrons in the clutches of Satan.

On our way back to the college, we stopped at our cicerone's home, as Fr. Bertram wanted to greet the boy's father. Just before approaching the simple one-story house, we were instructed not to touch the old gentleman "as it is New Monday, and he is performing the religious rites of the Hindu." Were we to shake his hand, he would have to be purified from the contamination of contact with us outcastes and start all over again with his prayers and penances. The father was dressed in the simple one-piece native garment, and looked like a common laborer. Imagine my surprise upon learning that he is worth 15,000,000 rupees, about $5,000,000.

It was a disappointment not to be able to visit the outlying districts where the Boston Office had built chapels, for Trichy has fared well in the apportionment of donations for this purpose. Of 302 chapels constructed through the generosity of our benefactors, 12 have gone to this diocese. What a source of satisfaction it would have been to our kind donors, if upon my return, I could have said to each, "I saw your chapel and Fr. X wanted to be remembered to you."

WHERE THERE IS NO CHAPEL, MASS IS OFTEN CELEBRATED IN A STABLE LIKE THIS

I desired particularly to visit Vasadevanallur, one of the 40 villages attached to

MODEST MISSION CHAPEL

Sundaranchiapuram, from which Fr. Sabathe, S.J., directs his flock of 2793 souls. He has but 3 brick churches and 19 clay chapels. One of the brick structures was given in 1921, by two clients of St. Joseph. A word in passing about this offering may stimulate others to follow their example.

"Will you be in this morning, Father?" This inquiry came over the 'phone on the Feast of St. Joseph. We thought we recognized the voice; when the name was given the answer shot back, "Of course, come right along." There was a surprise in store for us — a bigger one than we expected. Mr. X brought along his brother whom we had never had the pleasure of meeting, but whose checks we had indorsed every week for some years. The younger man did most of the talking. What he said was to the point. "To-day is the 25th anniversary of our business. Dad started it under the protection of St. Joseph, to whom he always had great devotion, and the good Saint has been a most gracious Patron. Although labor troubles have come our way and we have done nothing for nine weeks, last year was a good one, and we thought this might be acceptable to Our Lord and St. Joseph as a thank offering." *This* was a check for $1000. It was to build a mission chapel in honor of St. Joseph and has, we know, brought continued success to these devout,

grateful, Catholic sons of an exemplary, Catholic father.

The weekly checks referred to are still coming to us. When Mr. X, Sr. died, the boys decided they would not remove his name from the pay roll. A check is drawn each week, not to him but to me, for Masses to be celebrated by a missionary for his soul. What a great thing is the Faith!

Brief as were our visits to Madura and Trichinopoly, the impression, I feel, will be lasting. The Jesuits in this diocese are French. In Calcutta we saw the success of their Belgian confrères, and in Bombay the results obtained by the German members of this great Society.

CHAPEL BUILT FOR $1,000

Chapter III

TANJORE, KUMBAKONAM AND CUDDALORE

According to my itinerary, after having seen a little of the French Jesuit missions in the diocese of Trichinopoly, I was to proceed directly to those of the Paris Foreign Missions Society, in Kumbakonam. My energetic cicerone, however, had planned a few hours' visit en route to Tanjore, which belongs to the diocese of Mylapore. I was glad of this little change, for it gave me an opportunity of getting acquainted with the Italian Salesians, who have charge of this mission.

An early start from "Trichy" at 6 A.M. got us to Tanjore at eight o'clock. The Superior, Fr. Mederlet, and one of his assistants, Fr. Tomatis, were on

hand to greet us. The reception at the station was tame in comparison with what awaited us at the mission compound. Nothing less than a band of fifteen pieces, ready to play all morning if we desired, rang out a hearty welcome.

One of the specialties of the sons of Don Bosco is the care of orphan boys. Like their saintly founder, the Salesian Fathers gather in the homeless, teach them trades, and send them out into the world able to earn their living and care for themselves.

IN THE TANJORE PALACE

St. Francis Xavier's Orphanage and Industrial School, at Tanjore, is a new foundation, but we could see from the work already done that it has a bright future. Weaving and carpentry are the chief trades taught at present to the fifty-five boys in the institution. The Government has already recognized its merit and will soon help the Fathers replace the present poor workshops (merely thatched roofs supported by poles and exposed to the elements on all sides) with a substantial building. Lest the boys should have all the glory of receiving us, we were brought to the girls' school, taught by eight native Sisters of Our Lady of Good Help. The little ones

danced and sang. The musical program began with "After the Ball" (in Tamil), and ended with "God Save the King."

A month before our visit to Tanjore, a group of six Italian Sisters of Our Lady Help of Christians arrived. The youngest is but eighteen years of age. One could see at a glance that they were new recruits, as yet unaffected by the trying climate of Southern India. Good health, buoyant dispositions, and an optimistic outlook upon the work before them were written on their countenances. A new convent was prepared to receive them, but its chapel is quite devoid of statues, stations of the cross, and other necessary furnishings, some of which I promised to secure for them.

AT KUMBAKONAM

Although we had but five hours in Tanjore, the good Padres showed us the two principal pagan monuments of the city, as well as the mission compound. These are the Great Pagoda, one of the oldest and best preserved temples in southern India, and the Palace of the Princes of Tanjore. The library in the Palace has 18,000 Sanskrit manuscripts; 8000 are written

THE LEPERS' CHURCH, KUMBAKONAM

on palm leaves. As Fr. Tomatis helped to catalogue the French and German sections of the library, we had access to the old manuscripts.

Just two hours after we had waved good-bye to the Salesian Padres from the train window, we were shaking hands in the Kumbakonam station with the Vicar General and the Procurator of the diocese, Msgr. Sovignet and Fr. Laplace. Bishop Chapuis greeted us at the rectory. As usual, we began by announcing the time of our departure (9:30 the following morning), and were soon ready to be shown about the mission.

His Lordship first took us to the Industrial School. Then we visited the mission hospital conducted by

SISTERS TREATING THE LEPERS

the Sisters Catechists of Mary Immaculate. From there we went to the Leper Asylum, cared for by two members of the same community, one French, the other Eurasian. I had been told beforehand that these two Sisters are themselves lepers. From their appearance and conversation, one would never suspect it. They brought us through the various departments and told us interesting, touching stories of conversions made in the home.

Most of the patients who enter as pagans die Catholics. Many come here from other asylums in order that they may pass their last days in its Catholic atmosphere, and receive baptism. Some leave and return when they feel the end is near. It will surprise my readers to learn that it is not required by Indian law for lepers to be isolated. One of the Sisters told me that there are in the country 350,000 persons afflicted with the disease, only a small per cent. of whom are in leper homes.

I left the Lazaretto with a feeling of satisfaction that this institution and these very Sisters, martyrs of charity, have been for some years on the list of those assisted by Boston benefactors and friends of the missions. On our way back to the rectory we stopped at the convent and novitiate of these Catechist Sisters. After a talk with the entire community, including the two leper Sisters (they live in the Lazaretto, but assist at Mass and Benediction in the central convent), I was shown the chapel. On the wall is a marble tablet in memory of a Boston family that contributed generously toward its erection.

Besides fifteen Indian nuns who belong to the

A PRIEST WHO HAS CONTRACTED LEPROSY AND IS BEING TREATED BY THE SISTERS

Catechists of Mary Immaculate, there is a native community in this diocese, called the Sisters of the Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary. They number ninety and are in charge of schools and orphanages.

In the diocese of Kumbakonam, there are a little over 100,000 Catholics. The European priests (thirty-three) are members of the Paris Foreign Missions Society. They are assisted by fourteen native secular priests.

The next morning I said Mass in the convent for the Sisters and novices. After breakfast, Bishop Chapuis and Fr. Laplace accompanied us to the train, which left at 9:30.

At two o'clock that afternoon we arrived at Cuddalore, the first station in the diocese of Pondicherry, to which Fr. Tom belongs. I have already remarked that my guide did not slight his own diocese in the

selection of missions to be visited. This will be seen from what follows.

As he is Supervisor of Schools and has to travel long distances in making his rounds, last year he purchased a Ford. He is an expert at the wheel — but what of the roads, what of the fields to be traversed, what of the streams to be "forded," and the ditches to be crossed? I was glad that "Henry" is not built low. It avoided many a high center.

We were met by Fr. Verdure, President of St. Joseph's Secondary School for Boys, and Fr. Loubière, one of his staff. After lunch in the station restaurant (it was two o'clock when we arrived), we stepped into "Henry," and off we were to the missions. Our visit was brief. We saw St. Joseph's College, with 1300 boys, met the native Sisters of the Im-

FATHERS AT CUDDALORE WITH SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH OF CLUNY

maculate Heart of Mary, who number 340 in the diocese, and the European Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny. At 4:30 we were on our way to Pondicherry.

In the vicinity of Cuddalore is the village of Devanampatnam, through which we passed. Here St. Francis Xavier was one day seen elevated above the platform of the altar, while celebrating Mass.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Chapter IV

PONDICHERRY, TINDIVANAM, AND GINGEE

Nowhere did I receive a warmer welcome than from Archbishop Morel, of Pondicherry. His Grace, genial and gracious by nature, made me feel at home

REV. T. GAVAN DUFFY, M.Ap., AND MOST REV. E. J. MOREL, D.D.

from the very moment of my arrival. His kindness, moreover, in allowing Fr. Tom to accompany me during my Indian tour of six weeks, added much to the pleasure and profit of my visit to this interesting country.

I had now been but six full days in Ceylon and

India. During this time we saw seven missions in five different dioceses. Four nights had been spent

BOSTON HAS PUT 15 STUDENTS THROUGH THE PONDY SEMINARY

traveling. What a pace! Could I keep it up? We never know what we can do until we try. Normally speaking, a pace like this would be disastrous, even in one's own country where one is used to the food, climate, and accommodations. For travel's sake alone one would not attempt such a program. But I was not out for pleasure. I came in the interest of

my work, and felt that He Whose cause was at stake would protect me.

Up to the present (I am now crossing the Arabian Sea, two days out from Bombay), I feel "quite fit,"

PONDICHERRY CATHEDRAL

as my English fellow passengers would say. I might add that the most strenuous part of the Indian trip did not start until after I had left "Pondy."

Pondicherry is one of five small French establishments in India. It is administered by a Governor and Privy Council and has a population of about 50,000. This includes 1000 French and twice that number of mixed descent. The five French possessions in India cover less than 200 square miles and count a little over a quarter of a million natives.

The diocese of Pondicherry is mostly under English government. It has 150,000 souls, and only a sixth of these are in French territory. As Fr. Tom wanted to show me a few types of missions in the interior, we devoted but one day to the city itself. According to my original itinerary, I was to give three days to Pondicherry and spend Christmas with the Mill Hill Fathers in Madras. This plan was changed, however, in order that I might say Midnight Mass in a chapel built from the proceeds of the "Workers Are Few," my first translation from the Italian of the Rev. Paolo Manna, M.Ap.

Churches, schools, convents, a college with a thousand boys, and a printing press occupied my time in "Pondy." The seminarists gave me a reception and I assisted at an ordination. With His Grace, Archbishop Morel, I visited two of the four communities of nuns in the city. One is Carmelite. It was established in 1710, and all of its twenty-one members are Indian. The other, the Sisters of St. Aloysius, is also native.

Last impressions are usually the strongest. It may be that I witnessed greater need and privation elsewhere, for God knows I have seen enough of both, but, as I look back over my entire trip, I cannot recall a simpler, more poverty-stricken, more destitute convent than that of the Sisters of St. Aloysius. We went first into the parlor. Parlor! It is a little, dingy room, with absolutely no furniture. When visitors come, they sit on the floor, and the Sister

who receives them does likewise. In the community room (and be it noted that this is the mother-house) the bare-footed nuns sat on straw mats at our feet. The whole convent was damp and dreary. What must it be during the rainy season! I STRONGLY RECOMMEND THIS CONVENT TO GENEROUS SOULS ABLE TO ASSIST THESE NUNS. They are also Tertiaries of St. Francis. This fact may have a bearing upon their patience in enduring such dire poverty.

CHURCH AT TINDIVANAM, EDUCATIONAL HEADQUARTERS OF PONDICHERRY MISSION (Dedicated Sept. 8, 1925)

Fr. Tom lives in a town called Tindivanam, northwest of Pondicherry. The road is good; we made it in an hour and a half. This included a delay at the frontier, for it is in English territory. We had to pay duty on a few miniature oxcarts which we had purchased in Ceylon. Tindivanam! How many times I had seen the postmark and addressed letters to that place! Was I disappointed? Yes, but

NURSING SISTERS
who in 25 years at Tindivanam have treated over 1,000,000 patients

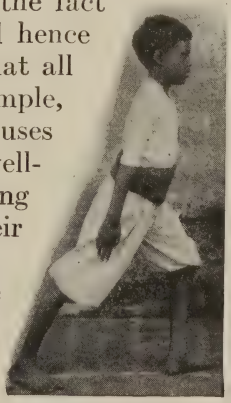
happily so. In fact, I met with a surprise. I refer to the house of the good missionary, not the town, for I had never formed any very definite picture of Tindivanam itself.

Those who are acquainted with Fr. Tom know

BROTHERS OF ST. GABRIEL, TINDIVANAM

that he is original. Readers of *Hope* must have remarked this. It might be noted in passing that he is the only member of the great Paris Foreign Missions Society whose mother tongue is English. In a word, he does, as well as says, the unexpected.

The building in question is a combination of office and home. There are five rooms, all on the same floor: living-room (for day and night), dining-room, chapel, guest-room, and office. The latter is necessary, as Fr. Tom is in charge of the schools of the diocese. He himself drew the plans for the building, and when completed it will be a most attractive bungalow. Its chief charm lies in the fact that it is both cool and airy, and hence suited to the climate. Would that all missionaries could follow this example, that is, build comfortable, modest houses where they might enjoy a little well-earned rest when they return from long and exhausting trips through their districts!



But why can they not all make such provisions for their physical well-being? I can see the missionaries, whose eyes may perchance

rest upon these lines, smile and pass the book from one to another with the observation: "See what this good American, who comes from the land of creature comforts and plenty of money, has to say about us!"

I am well aware that I got only a kaleidoscopic view of the missions. I know that these zealous, thrifty priests have been on the ground for years, that they have traditions born of experience; and for this very reason I realized that the chief advantage of my trip would be what I learned from the lips of missionaries rather than what I observed in my all too brief stay among them.

My claim, however, is that most missionaries neglect themselves as far as food and housing are concerned; that many would be in better health if they had a little more solicitude for themselves; that some whose careers were short would be alive to-day, had they been provided with better houses and, at least, some care. Is this possible? In most cases, no. It is absolutely out of the question, for the means are not to be had. The priests who are in large centers, whether teaching in colleges and schools or caring for souls, are well provided for in every way. But the majority of missionaries are not living under such conditions. They are in the bush, the jungle, or in small villages where even good bread is a luxury.

At Tindivanam we planned to rest a few days and do some writing, but, as there are various missionary activities there, we had little leisure. We went through the orphanage, industrial school, teachers' training school (for masters), and St. Ann's boarding

TRAINING SCHOOL AND ST. ANN'S TINDIVANAM

school, where a preparatory course is given to future catechists. How much all this costs, yet how important! We also visited the girls' school, conducted by two European and five Indian Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny.

On Sunday morning, at 7:30, we were off in the Ford, bag and baggage, for what proved to be a most interesting experience. A little after nine we made our first stop at a town called Gingee. I shall never forget it. We did not go directly to the mission, for Gingee has a famous and historic old fort that visitors must see. It comprises three strongly fortified hills, connected by long walls. The highest and most important (six hundred feet) affords an excellent view of the surrounding country. On its summit stand the ruins of the citadel.

Fr. Chavanol, the Pastor of Gingee and of Seventy-five Neighboring Villages, very

thoughtfully arranged with the town authorities to have chairs and carriers provided for the steep and difficult ascent. Unfortunately, but one chair arrived. Of course, I had to take it. It was a godsend. Never did I suffer from the heat as on that day.

When the six bearers landed me on the wooden bridge that spans a deep chasm between the approach and the citadel, I breathed a sigh of relief. The ruins of the ancient stone pagodas and the panorama on four sides repaid us for our effort. After a light lunch, which we had brought with us, we started down the rugged road. Safety demanded that I be carried backwards. When we reached the mission, we were so exhausted that both of us went to bed.

GOING UP

In the "Catechist of Kil-Arni," an ex-

COMING DOWN

cellent seven-reel photoplay by Fr. Tom, one sees to good advantage the work done in the schools of Tindivanam. The fort at Gingee and its dangerous, rugged approach have a prominent place in the picture. This is the first mission scenario with a sustained story woven into it ever exhibited. There are ten copies in circulation in the United States and Canada. Bookings may be made through the Boston Office of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

THE CATECHIST OF KIL-ARNI

Fr. Chavanol's record is perhaps unique. He was a doctor before entering the Paris Foreign Missions Seminary. Through his knowledge of medicine, he has made many conversions. Even the pagan priests come to him for treatment. For twenty-five years, as missionary

A VOTIVE STEED OUTSIDE PAGAN TEMPLE, GINGEE

in Sittamur, he lived in the sacristy of his church. A more devoted and self-sacrificing priest one could not imagine. THIRTY DOLLARS A YEAR will supply him with the medicine he dispenses, yet, at times, it is hard for him to accumulate even this small sum!

From a religious point of view, too, Gingee has a history. About three hundred years ago it was one of the out-stations attended by the celebrated and saintly Jesuit, Fr. John de Britto. In those days, it was the northern limit of the old "Madura Mission," conducted by the Society of Jesus. As the fort fell into disuse, the early population gradually disappeared. Today there is not a vestige of the old town or of the Christians of Fr. de Britto.

BOUND FOR DR. CHAVANOL'S DISPENSARY

Chapter V

SATTIAMANGALAM

It did not seem like Christmas Eve as we sped along the high road from Gingee to Sattiamangalam, where I was soon to get my first view of the "Workers Are Few" Chapel. It was hot and dusty. A little relief, however, was found in the shade of the large trees that protected us from the burning rays of an Indian sun.

There was diversion, too, in watching the playful monkeys swinging from the trees. They are bold and fearless in this land of mystery and of myriads of gods. No one would dare to molest one of these mischievous animals, even if it were to enter one's house and steal food, or cause damage, as often happens.

A HAUNT OF MONKEYS

There is even a "monkey god" called Hanuman, the ally of the great god Rama. According to Hindu mythology, when Rama's wife, Sita, was stolen by the king of Ceylon, she was rescued by the help of Hanuman, the monkey general, and his army of monkeys.

At railroad stations I have seen dozens of these amusing creatures, large and small, come to meet the train. They are fed by the passengers, who, believing in the transmigration of souls, feel that they may be doing a charity to some dead ancestors. The Hindu religion teaches that there are 8,400,000 different species of animals through which the soul of man may pass.

After riding about an hour, we came to a little grove which marks the entrance to the village. Awaiting our arrival was a group of happy youngsters. In their midst was a bullock bandy. Its driver, L'Aristo, gave us a profound salaam. Stroking his white Dundreary whiskers and adjusting his bandana turban, with a graceful wave of his arms he invited us to mount the cart. The boys soon had our suitcases on their heads and led the way to the chapel.

Between the grove and the village is a large water tank, a primitively constructed reservoir for irrigating the rice fields. L'Aristo, proud of his distinguished passengers, laid the whip on the willing

FROM THE TANK TO THE CHAPEL

bullocks and off we dashed through the shallowest ford of the great tank. Before reaching the other shore, another crowd of boys had waded out to meet us. Then the fun began.

Our arrival had evidently been announced, for we could hear the report of firecrackers. Men, women, and children gathered on the edge of the pond and escorted us to the center of the village. Fifes and tom-toms supplied the music, if such it may be called. We knew that we were in for a night of it.

From the tank to the chapel is not more than an eighth of a mile. It took us twenty minutes to make it. One drum major after another performed before us. Never did we see such gyrations and contortions. Finally they all acted together, threw their staffs up in the air and down in the dust, and wound up with a sort of sham battle, just as we reached the chapel.

There is no resident priest at Sattiamangalam, although its inhabitants (600 pariahs or outcastes) are all Catholics. They are attended from Vellantangal, about four miles away, where Fr. Tom started his

missionary life in India. The present pastor, Fr. Lamathe, received us at the chapel door.

Great indeed was my delight at the sight of this beautiful structure. Its style is Gothic. Brick and mortar have been used throughout, and it has a cement floor and a cement platform before each of the three entrances. It accommodates about 600 people, sitting on the floor, as is their custom.

The expense of construction was but 6000 rupees (about $2000). I marvel how it could be built for such a small sum. Fr. Tom said that the contribu-

THE "WORKERS ARE FEW" CHAPEL

tion of labor from the parishioners, who carried the brick and mortar, saved about $600.

Before it grew dark we took pictures of the chapel. Then Fr. Tom and Fr. Lamathe heard confessions.

I read my breviary and incidentally gave much amusement to an admiring throng. These good, simple people are just grown-up children.

After supper, two acetylene lamps, which had been hired for the occasion in Pondicherry, were

FR. TOM'S BAND

placed on either side of the platform in front of the church. Then the reception started.

First of all, the three of us were garlanded with necklaces of fragrant flowers. This is an Indian custom. Then the presents were brought forth: bread, potatoes, bananas, rice, eggs, limes, and — a ram. The poor animal protested vehemently, as only those of his species can, but finally was landed at my feet. Not being able to hold him, I commissioned the headman of the village to take him in charge. Mr. Ram stayed, however, for the entire ceremony.

The next number was a torchlight procession. When the participants arrived at the church, a space was cleared and four men performed a spear dance. At first their motions were slow and solemn; then

the music became more lively; the motions quickened with the beating of the tom-toms; the bronze bodies of the actors were covered with perspiration, they crossed spears, and the dance finished in a spirited sham battle which seemed so real to me that I asked Fr. Lamathe to stop it.

The abrupt finish of the dance was followed by a brief intermission. I could see that the directors of the entertainment were somewhat confused. Was it my fault? Should I have given the order, "On with the dance?" "No," said the pastor, "they are waiting for one of the schoolboys, who is to read an address."

Soon the youthful orator appeared, much to the amusement of all present. He was a little fellow of about ten. A mustache, which fell off in the middle of his speech of welcome, and a huge turban helped him to act his part.

BORN ORATORS

In a clear voice and with good enunciation, he told me how happy they all were to have me among them. Gratitude for the wonderful chapel they had received was couched in well chosen phrases. They hoped I would "come often and stay long." This

ST. ANTHONY'S SCHOOL, SATTIAMANGALAM

last reminded me of the receptions in China when they invited me to "come often and go away slowly."

Fr. Tom answered in Tamil, telling them that the beautiful structure was not only to be admired but used; that it was to bring them closer to Almighty God and to help them to be good in order that they might enjoy eternal happiness with Him in the world to come.

When the "Workers Are Few" first appeared, I promised the purchasers that the entire proceeds should be devoted to the missions. It took several years before I could fulfill the contract. My patience has been rewarded. The chapel is the prettiest I have seen anywhere in the countries I have visited. Our pictures came out well, and I hope they will

SAINTS (WE HOPE) AND SCHOLARS

please those who helped me to publish four editions of the book.

The same pledge has been made in regard to my second book, "The Conversion of the Pagan World." Its sale has been even more encouraging than that of the "Workers Are Few." The financial profits from these two treatises on the missions are quite insignificant in comparison with the spiritual good that we trust has come from their circulation.

It is to make known the Church's apostolate to the heathen, to secure vocations, prayers, and financial assistance that these translations have been made. We are not, at the same time, unmindful of

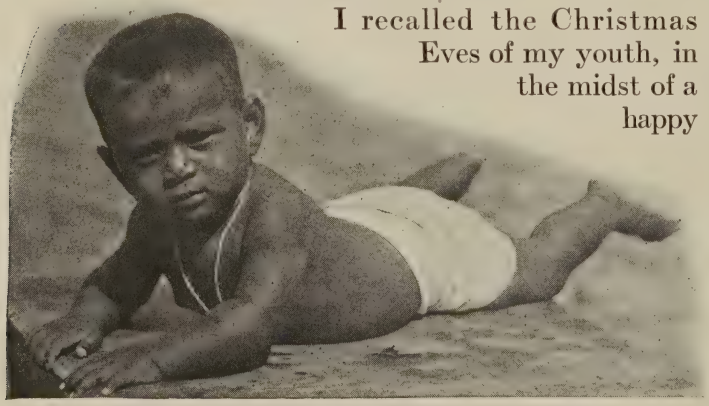
PRACTISING THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER" IN TAMIL

the blessings that God is visibly giving us, who have the Faith, for our endeavors to share it with others.

After this welcome, we all retired to the school, where an entertainment was staged, consisting of

drills and songs by the school children. The last number on the program was, indeed, a delightful surprise. I must confess that my mind had been wandering a bit while the little ones had been performing. In fact, it had traveled away back home to Boston when — suddenly there burst upon my astonished ears the familiar strains of our own "Star Spangled Banner" in the Tamil tongue, of course, but sung with as much spirit and energy as I had ever heard it at home. I could not believe my ears, but it was really so; those little Indian children were singing my own national anthem. It was the prettiest compliment paid me during my entire trip.

After Fr. Tom and I had distributed candy to the little ones, the festivities were brought to a fitting close by the rendering on the phonograph of those grand old Christmas hymns, known the world over. As I listened to the familiar strains of "Adeste Fideles" and "Holy Night," once again my thoughts traveled homeward. I recalled the Christmas Eves of my youth, in the midst of a happy



THE BABY CHRIST HAS BROTHERS EVERYWHERE

CHRISTMAS MORNING BRINGS ITS OWN TROUBLES

Catholic household; of my seminary days in Rome; of my early years in the priesthood at St. Paul's, Cambridge; and of ten more at the Cathedral in Boston, whither flock great crowds of worshipers from all over the city to attend the Midnight Mass. These thoughts were a good preparation for what was to follow.

A little before twelve, I blessed the chapel. During my first Mass there were several hundred at Holy Communion. Others went later. The chapel was crowded at all three Masses. Fr. Lamathe went home to Vellantangal to sing Midnight Mass for his own people. Fr. Tom said his three Masses on a side altar.

The devotion of these simple people is most edifying, especially to one who has been preaching about it for years. Mothers with laughing babies straddling their hips (this is the custom in India), old men with turbans and flowing robes, bright-eyed, dark-skinned boys and girls closely resembling those that I have shown in illustrated lectures — all contributed to make the picture impressive and memorable.

It is on such an occasion as this that the missionary must feel that, indeed, he has "chosen the better part." What do all the trials and hardships,

the sacrifices and privations, the separation from home and dear ones, and all else that he has given up amount to, when he stops to realize that without a doubt many and many of the happy souls that he has just fed with the Body and Blood of Christ would be celebrating the feast of some heathen god or god-

FINAL PICTURE IN MIDDLE OF RESERVOIR

dess this very Christmas night, had he not had the courage to leave all and follow the Master!

Silence is no sign of reverence in the Far East. Even during the Holy Sacrifice one is apt to be distracted by the most unexpected surprises. During the Consecration a bomb was discharged just outside the door, and at each Elevation the entire con-

gregation cried out at the top of their voices. After Mass, I learned that they were merely shouting the ejaculation, "My Lord and my God!"

When all was over, our shakedowns were prepared in the school, a low-studded building of one room, and from three o'clock until seven we rested and slept at intervals. After breakfast, we busied ourselves with our cameras. At 9:30 L'Aristo helped us into the bullock bandy. In the middle of the reservoir a final picture was snapped, and in a few minutes Michael was cranking up for a short run to Vellantangal.

PREPARING THE BOMBS

Chapter VI

VELLANTANGAL, BUDAMANGALAM, CHETPUT, ARNI AND VELLORE

On our way from Sattiamangalam to Vellantangal, Fr. Lamathe's main station, we had many a good laugh. The customs and costumes of simple village folk, like those who live about the "Workers Are Few" Chapel, are quite in contrast even with those of the larger Indian villages. But there was a fair exchange. They had never before seen an American priest. His smooth face and parted hair caused no little comment. They were surprised that he could not talk their language nor understand the words of welcome and thanks that they had spoken to him. Almost the only white man they ever see is their missionary.

In an hour we were sitting in Fr. Lamathe's house. What an hour that was! The notes I have before me read, "Left Ford at V——; lucky to get it there." It is won-

MATER ADMIRABILIS CONVENT, VELLANTANGAL, FOR INDIAN NUNS, BUILT BY THE SACRIFICES OF AMERICAN TEACHING SISTERS

derful, indeed, what one can do and where one can go with a "Tin Lizzie." (This name is used in India as well as in the U. S. A.) The road was rough. We forded gullies with water up to the engine, went through plowed fields and over rocks. I thought this was bad. Fr. Tom smiled. "Cheer up," he said, "the worst is yet to come." He was right, and he proved it to me the following day. The "wear and tear" of missionary life in the country part of India is no mere figure of speech.

Vellantangal has an old, but substantial church in the form of a four-leafed clover, a good school, a new convent, and a fine house. The house was built by Fr. Tom when he was pastor there. He paid for it with his own money. It is by no means elaborate, but far more comfortable than most that I have seen.

When I learned that the priest in charge of this station has, besides two sub-stations (one of which is Sattiamangalam), twenty-five villages (two with chapels), I felt as I did in Tindivanam, after seeing Fr. Tom's new house, namely, that a good, comfortable home is not a luxury for a tired missionary who spends so much of his time in the saddle. Alas, how few actually have it!

With the exception of the church services and the Crib, there was little to remind us of Christmas. Among the many stories I had heard from missionaries who visited the Boston Office, one in particular came to my mind. It was about a young missionary's first Christmas away from the Seminary. He missed very keenly the solemn ceremonies, the exchange of greetings, the simple but welcome gifts, the cool, bracing air, and even the festive board.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, VELLANTANGAL
Re-roofing After a Cyclone

As I sat on the veranda in a canvas "morris chair" with a fan in one hand and a fly-swatter in the other, gazing out over the parched fields, I understood better than ever before the lack of companionship, the loneliness of missionary life. This is perhaps one of the hardest trials of the young priest. Had we not dropped in on good Fr. Lamathe, he would have celebrated the Feast alone.

My energetic guide intended to leave for the next mission immediately after dinner. His tenderfoot visitor had to plead for mercy. I could not stand the pace. The strain of the day before, followed by but four hours' sleep in a stuffy little schoolroom, was too much for me. So we decided to spend Christmas night with Fr. Lamathe and get an early start the next morning.

The gift of the new chapel at Sattiamangalam had evidently been discussed in Vellantangal, for during supper a delegation arrived to petition for a new church there also. When the frugal meal was over, we went out on the veranda. Half the town was there. Indians never get down to business at once. Sometimes they talk an hour before springing the

request. Often it is just as they are about to leave you that they mention it.

They began by presenting me with a goat. "Now I have a pair," I thought to myself. I even had visions of seeing them hitched to some kind of a vehicle for our trip on the morrow. But Fr. Tom put a crimp in the meeting by asking the spokesman to come to the point at once. He then refused the gift and sent them home, saying that enough had been done for the district.

"Poor people!" thought I. He seemed to me rather harsh with them. I learned afterwards that it was a reproof for an act of disobedience of which they had been guilty sometime previous. When I heard the circumstances, I saw immediately that he was right. I also realized that these simple souls are like children and must be treated as such.

CALISTHENICS

FR. BOYER IN HIS CART

About an hour after I had retired, I was glad that goat number two had not been accepted; for William the First (presented to me at Sattiamangalam on Christmas Eve) was tied just outside my window. He made so much noise that I could not sleep. Evidently others were disturbed as well, for, after a restless hour, I heard some one untying him and leading him away.

The next morning, just as the clock struck nine, we were climbing into L'Aristo's bullock cart. Shall I ever forget the three hours that followed! When I look back upon that morning, I do not wonder that we left "Henry" behind. Not even he, with his wonderful adaptability, could keep the nine miles of track we covered on our way to Budamangalam, the "Village of the Devil." This place is well named. The mission was started by Fr. Boyer, the present pastor, in 1905. There was not a Catholic in the place. Now, after seventeen years, he can count 115 families throughout his district — all pariahs or outcastes.

This is the history of many a flourishing district. I have heard the same story from other missionaries. It recalled the visit to Boston of Bishop Bertreux, late Vicar Apostolic of the Solomon Islands. He told me about the Island of Wallis, in Oceania, where a priest spent many years without making a single convert. Now, Wallis has a flourishing con-

gregation of Christians and a convent of devoted, native Sisters.

Fr. Boyer has introduced the "Gospel of the Plow." Agriculture is his instrument of conversion. He brought in a few caste families from another village and hopes to leaven the mission in this way.

During the "flu," sixty of his eighty souls at headquarters were stricken. He recommended the village to the Little Flower and not one death occurred. The good converts prayed to this powerful intercessor and their petitions were answered. I have heard of other districts that were spared in the same way.

What a difference between Fr. Boyer's house and the one where we spent the previous night! His has but two rooms. The floor is of earth. The furniture could hardly be simpler. Two dogs and four cats share these humble quarters with their master.

After dinner, we piled into the bullock bandy again. A ride of fifteen miles brought us to Chetput, where we spent the night. It was dark when we arrived, but the pastor, Fr. Colas, was out with a lantern to meet us. The ringing of the church bells helped to put a little pep and warmth into the welcome.

THE GOSPEL OF THE PLOW

Neither Fr. Tom nor I was sorry to bid good-bye to the cart. Twenty-five miles in one day was a little

FR. COLAS IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH BUILT BY HIS PREDECESSOR AT CHETPUT

REV. J. F. DARRAS
who died in 1916, spent more than 50 unbroken years in India, baptized over 40,000 people, and carved out of an entirely pagan region the parish of Chetput, where he built the church shown on the previous page

from a small personal inheritance.

On the following day, we changed our conveyance again. It was quite in contrast with the cart and slow bullocks. In fact, I had my first ride in a "side car." Our objective was a village called Arni, sixteen miles away. This is the Kil-Arni that gives the title to Fr. Tom's most interesting photoplay, "The Catechist of Kil-

too much, at least for me. In the afternoon, we made almost five miles an hour, much better time than in the morning. Of course, this did not add to our comfort.

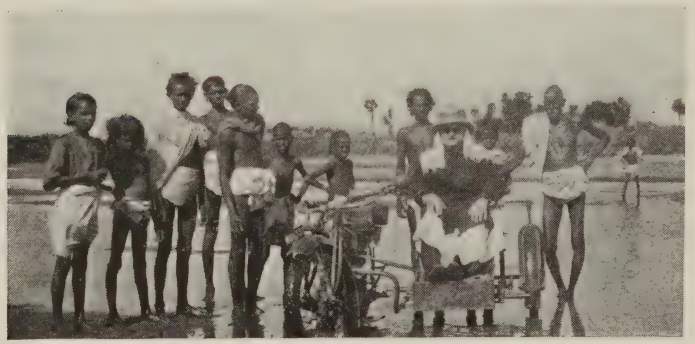
Fr. Colas had no difficulty in putting us up for the night. He has three rooms in all, quite enough, he felt, for a lone missionary. His house is well built and cost the mission nothing, as he defrayed the expenses

The people of Chetput are faithful to the memory of Fr. Darras and pray fervently at his grave. There is a great pilgrimage at Chetput every year in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes

Arni," which has received such a warm and enthusiastic welcome wherever it has been exhibited.

It took us an hour and three-quarters to cover the sixteen miles to this village. Rather slow time for a motor cycle, I'll admit. We should have reached it much sooner, had it not been for an accident. The gasoline was escaping and we were in danger of fire. Fr. Tom tried every nut and screw in the vicinity of the leak, but to no avail. The sun was beating down on us with such force that the wet towel I had placed under my helmet for double protection to my neck had thoroughly dried. As no bullocks could be found to haul us back to Chet-

put, it looked like a return on foot. Suddenly I thought of good St. Anthony, and I had no sooner promised to say some Masses in his honor when — Fr. Tom touched a little valve and the leak stopped. With a smile of satisfaction, he cranked her up again and off we went.



We had another delay in crossing the Che River. The water was too high to operate the car. For a rupee (thirty-three cents) a group of boys pushed us to the other side. Just as we were emerging from the clear, shallow water, one of us got the idea that we should record the experience on our films. The result was very good. The graceful folds of the towel hanging down over my neck and shoulders made me look like a Bedouin.

As we had planned to spend the night at another mission, our stay at Kil-Arni was brief. Its good pastor, Fr. Gravère, who lives the simple life, did his best to prepare a good dinner. He was a wine merchant in France before entering the Paris Foreign Missions Society. Although his early occupation

KIL-ARNI CHURCH

was not reflected in the beverage he set before us, he sent us away satisfied.

Kil-Arni is but one of sixty-one villages under the care of this missionary. The total Catholic population is 4000. After the repast, we visited the school, orphanage, and dispensary conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny. Four Sisters, two European, one Eurasian, and one native, form the community.

At half-past three, honk went the horn of the "Indian." In a minute I was in the side car and, amid the cheers of the school children, we raised the dust of the main street in Kil-Arni. Chickens flew to right and left. In and out and around bullock carts we dodged. Men and women ran into the doorways of their low mud huts to get away from the queer-looking travelers. Evidently, a motor cycle is a novelty in the district. Needless to say, on our whole trip we did not see another.

For two hours and a quarter, without a stop, we whizzed along a good road, now and then attracted by the playful monkeys that swing from tree to tree.

It was a new sensation for me, and I enjoyed every minute of it. Toward the end of the ride, when the sun went down, we had to button our coats and turn up our collars. The contrast between day and night is great in India.

Vellore was our next and last stop in the diocese of Pondicherry. We arrived at a quarter to six. A band was prepared for our reception. Between the selections, bombs were set off to put a thrill into the welcome. It was a great pleasure to meet here not only the pastor, Fr. Trideau, but also Bishop Despatures of Mysore and one of his priests, Fr. Meyniel.

As my itinerary did not include Msgr. Despatures'

LOW MUD HUTS

WITH BISHOP DESPATURES IN VELLORE CONVENT YARD

diocese, His Lordship was kind enough to come to Vellore, the nearest place on my way north. The five of us spent a very pleasant evening discussing problems in this great country. I shall remember this conversation as one of the most helpful of my whole trip.

During my Mass the next morning, the Feast of the Holy Innocents, there was a goodly number of adults and children in attendance. The boys and girls sang the Adeste Fideles. The careful rendition of this beautiful hymn and the sweet voices of the little Indians reminded me of home. Would that the good Sisters in the Boston Diocese, who have placed it at the top of the list of contributors to the Holy Childhood, could have been present at that Mass!

The Indian Sisters at Vellore prepared a special reception of their own. The orphans met us at the door of the convent and ushered us into a large schoolroom. After they had placed the usual garlands about our necks and handed each a fresh lime, we were showered with rose leaves. The ceremony calls for a sprinkling of priestly visitors with cologne,

but as this is a poor school and orphanage, it was out of the question. The entertainment that followed might have been staged in one of our academies at home, so perfectly were the children prepared. Nuns are the same all over the world!

IN THE PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE

The day in Vellore was brought to an end by a tour of the Fort, which dates back to the eleventh century, and of a remarkable old temple dedicated to the god Siva. Its wonderfully carved monoliths show prodigious labor and great skill. His Lordship, Bishop Despatures, is a photographer with years of experience. The pictures he took of us with the portico of the temple as a background are among the best souvenirs we have of our Indian tour.

We were sorry to leave our hosts, as we waved them good-bye from the afternoon train bound for Madras. The ride was short — a little over four hours. We pulled in at 7:15, and were on time.

ESPLANADE, MADRAS

Chapter VII

MADRAS AND MYLAPORE

ARCHBISHOP AELEN OF MADRAS

As we stepped out of the train at Madras, a little after seven in the evening, among the colorful, turbanned crowd, we discovered an old friend, Fr. John Merkes, Chancellor of the diocese and Secretary to Archbishop Aelen. I had met both His Grace and Fr. Merkes in Holland in 1914.

A short time before our arrival, the business men of Madras had presented the Archbishop, the Most Rev. John Aelen, D.D., with a Ford sedan, so we drove to the "palace" in state. A cart was hailed for Michael and our luggage.

On our way to the house, Fr. Merkes asked the customary questions, "How long will you stay?" "What do you want to see?" Our answer to the first was, "two days"; to the second, "a throat specialist." I had been nursing a septic tonsil ever since I arrived in India two weeks before.

"All right," said our host, "we have a native doctor who can fix you up." For the remainder of the

ride, my companions did most of the talking. My throat was sore, it hurt me to swallow, and besides that, I was doing some tall thinking about that "native" doctor.

In about twenty minutes we were settled in our rooms. Nungambaukam is the name of the suburb where His Grace lives. Connected with the modest but comfortable house is the new church of St. Teresa. At table we met the Vicar General, Msgr. Kreyelmans, and Fr. Beukers,[1] assistant to Fr. Merkes[1] in the curia and the parish. The Archbishop was at the Guntur Mission, recuperating from a serious illness, so we planned to see His Grace on our way north.

A WEE MADRASI

Madras is the first real city we had visited thus far in India. It is the capital of the Presidency of the same name, was the site of the first big post of the East India Company, and boasts of being the oldest Municipal Corporation in all India. Its main streets are broad, and lined with some fine buildings; there is an electric trolley system; the long stretch of sandy beach is indented by an artificial breakwater harbor; the handling of its imports and exports is facilitated by a hundred steam and hydraulic cranes that directly load and unload cargo from boats to trains, and vice versa. As a railroad center, Madras is well

[1] Frs. Merkes and Beukers have died since.

situated. It is on the main line from Ceylon north both to Calcutta and Bombay, and has good connections with cities of lesser importance in the South.

The Catholic mission at Madras dates back to 1642, when it was started by the French Capuchins. In 1834, Irish missionaries took it over, and among the Bishops we find an O'Connor, a Carew, two Fennellys, and a Colgan. The Mill Hill Fathers are now in charge. Most of them are Hollanders. They number forty-three and are assisted by twenty-two native priests. In the midst of a pagan population of 9,000,000, the diocese counts 58,000 Catholics.

A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL, MADRAS

After breakfast the next morning I was brought, like a lamb to the slaughter, to the "native" doctor. He was a Madrasi: black, plump, and about forty. The appointments of his dark and dingy office surprised me: X-ray, electrical apparatus, operating table, etc. But one missed the scrupulous cleanliness of such laboratories at home.

After a careful examination, he shook his head and proceeded to lecture me about the danger of a throat infection in India, where dirt, dust, tropical germs,

and what not abound. In a mirror opposite I could see myself losing color. Then came the verdict, "I must take your tonsils out. It is very dangerous to have them in. You have a fever, you

OUR GOOD FRIEND, THE LATE FR. MERKES

are traveling, and there is no telling what may happen."

At this announcement, Fr. Tom turned to Fr. Merkes and said something that caused both to laugh most heartily. After I got down from the barber's or dentist's chair on which I had been stretched, I inquired the reason for the extraordinary mirth. "What's the joke? Let us in on it." When the verdict was pronounced, it seems that my witty companion, who always sees the funny side of everything, said: "Since Fr. Mac struck India,

everybody has been touching him for something — and this chap wants his tonsils!"

Armed with two prescriptions, a gargle and an oily liquid which I was to apply with cotton wrapped around my index finger, we bowed our way out into the sunshine. The treatment worked like a charm. In ten days the soreness was gone, and — I still have my tonsils. The "specialist" extracted a fee of ten rupees ($3.00) instead.

True, the good missionaries all had their needs, and they were not backward in exposing them. A list of the requests for assistance would make very amusing reading. But I never found fault, for I saw the way they are spending themselves for souls and realized that they were not asking for themselves. Oh, that our well-to-do Catholics might be induced to read missionary literature! There must be some way of reaching them! This sublime cause takes such a gripping hold, once it gets a hearing, that the problem of presenting it to those who have been blessed with an abundance is worth while studying.

Perhaps a magazine like "Asia," "Travel" or the "Geographical" would offer a solution. It need not carry direct appeals. Its aim should be to make the missions known. The financial aid is bound to follow. Think of the pictures we have, especially of Sisters and children. Properly displayed on the best coated paper, they are irresistible. If Protestant Missionary Societies could print mission pictures such as we have at our disposal, they would surely provide the means of utilizing them.

Our two days in Madras passed like so many

SAMPLES OF FR. AELEN'S PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

hours. This diocese is well equipped with the Brothers of St. Patrick, the Brothers of St. Francis of Assisi, and six Orders of Sisters. There are boarding and day schools for both European and Indian boys and girls. One convent school for native children has 900 pupils. The Jesuits conduct a high school with 500 students.[1]

There are five good-sized orphanages and four of less importance. The sick are cared for in three dispensaries; but there is no Catholic hospital. At the dispensary in Guntur, where we met His Grace a few days later, there is an Irish nun, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, who before entering religion was Doctor McGlowrey.

We visited the Cathedral on Armenian Street, a solid old structure that was built in 1775 and enlarged in 1838. Among the priests we met there was a Fr. Prior, who was born on Putnam Avenue, Cambridge, Mass., not far from where I spent my own boyhood days.

One of the most interesting correspondents with the Boston Office during the past fifteen years has been Rev. John Aelen. His mission was not on our line of travels, but he kindly came to Madras to talk over the possibility of producing "Mission Movies." His still pictures, especially of Indian children, are known throughout the Catholic world. They are reproduced in mission magazines, particularly in Holland and the United States, with excellent effect.

[1] Since my visit to India the Jesuits have opened Loyola College.

Few professional photographers get as good results as Fr. Aelen.

Photography in the tropics means infinite patience and perseverance. No one knows the weary hours in a stuffy, dark room that this energetic artist has spent in order to keep his mission of Nellore before the eyes of his benefactors. This form of appeal is costly, besides; but by a comparison of the expenses with the receipts traced to his excellent pictures, I could see that it is a fine investment.

We were not, however, able to come to any definite arrangement. Fr. Aelen was much interested in my proposal, about which we had had correspondence, but he lacked the time required for the work. Fr. Tom, however, accepted the job, and "did it up brown." He not only gives us a wonderful display of missionary activities, of Indian life, manners, customs, and scenery, but shows us what a zealous lay auxiliary can accomplish, in the person of the "Catechist of Kil-Arni."

India is a land of magicians, conjurers, and sorcerers. Jugglers and acrobats may be had on short notice. For a few rupees (sixty cents) you can stage a private performance on your front lawn and thus entertain your guests. Certain castes devote themselves to these trades. They are the lowest class of Hindu, the very dregs of society.

By nature and religious training the Hindu tends toward the mysterious. He is always looking for what is strange, wonderful, marvelous. The snake charmer, the fire eater, the sword swallower can find an audience of dupes on every corner.

While we were in Madras, there was a sort of

country fair, with horse racing, a dozen different gambling devices and red lemonade as the attractions. Our peregrinations brought us past the enclosure, which was jammed with people of all classes. More to see the magicians than aught else, we went

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INDIAN SNAKE CHARMER

in. Good Fr. Merkes told us of a very clever conjurer, the best in all India, who performed there the previous year. We looked in vain for the hero. Finally, in disgust, we went into a tent — admission, two annas (four cents) — to witness a sleight-of-hand performance. What a fake! It was the same old sham we had seen as boys. The quickness of the

hand deceives the eye. We missed the clever chatter of the artist, however.

Less than a half hour's ride from Madras, in the crypt of the Cathedral of Mylapore, is the tomb of St. Thomas the Apostle. Msgr. Kreyelmans brought me to this historic spot and also to the neighboring shrine, called the "Little Mount" of St. Thomas. This is a popular place of pilgrimage. It consists of a cave where the Saint lived and a church built over the hollowed rock.

The diocese of Mylapore was erected in 1606 and has 82,000 Catholics. It was founded at the request of Philip II, King of Portugal. The Bishop of Mylapore has jurisdiction over many churches and congregations in Southern India and Bengal.

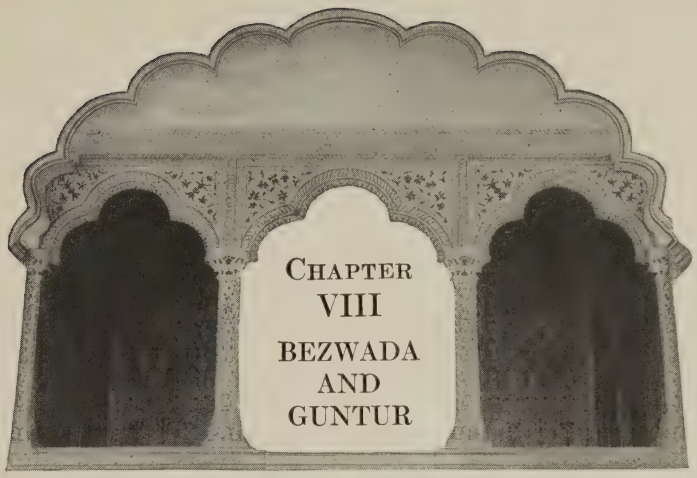
There was just time to return to Madras, pack our suitcases, and get supper before our departure. We carried away with us pleasant memories of warm hospitality and the renewal of old acquaintances.

Our original itinerary called for a long run of forty hours from Madras to Calcutta. A wire from the Rt. Rev. H. Colli, Vicar General of Hyderabad, an old correspondent, caused us to modify our plans and break the journey at Bezwada. As an

inducement to have us stop, we were informed that the Bishop of Hyderabad, the Rt. Rev. D. Vismara, D.D., would be at Bezwada to meet us.

Before leaving the United States, some 200 of the 700 missionaries with whom the Boston Office is in regular correspondence were advised of our route. Those through whose missions we were not to pass were told that it would be a pleasure to see them at points where they might find a meeting convenient. An added reason for delaying at Bezwada was the fact that we had not yet visited a station of the Foreign Missions of Milan, whose members have charge of the diocese of Hyderabad.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND



Chapter VIII

BEZWADA AND GUNTUR

In company with Fr. Merkes, we left Madras on the 8 P.M. train. He was bound for Guntur, where we were to meet Archbishop Aelen of Madras two days later. We chatted with Fr. Merkes for a few hours. Then he left us to change for Guntur.

It was a cold night, and we were not prepared for it. Strange as it may seem, more illness is contracted from chills than from the heat in India. The early morning and the late night may be very cold in contrast with midday, when it is always warm and often extremely hot. In northern India during the winter months the temperature may drop 40° or 50° within two hours after sunset. Travelers are advised to be provided with the lightest and heaviest clothes, and with a flannel band about a foot wide to be worn round the waist. That very day I saw a missionary dressed in a suit of pajamas and a white cotton cassock. That night we would have been comfortable in woolen underwear, winter suits,

IMPERIAL YOUTH

and fur-lined coats. In fact, a few days later, between Bezwada and Calcutta, we were awakened early in the morning by a rajah, dressed in a beautiful long seal-skin coat, who came into our compartment.

Indian trains are not incommodious during the day. A roomy compartment for four accommodated us very nicely. There are two seats running lengthwise with the train, which serve as lower berths at night. Over these are two "uppers," strapped to the wall when not in use. The railroad company furnishes no bedding whatever. In hotels, too, except the best ones, you must supply this yourself. When you do find it provided, it is usually dirty. Even when visiting friends, the traveler usually brings his own bedding.

We were missionaries; at least my companion, Fr. Tom, is. He spurns mollycoddling. Besides, we were traveling light, two suitcases each and a blanket. As a rule, my raincoat made an excellent pillow, but on the night in question it was on me. In fact, I had all my clothes on and my steamer rug

over me, but that did not prevent my teeth from chattering, as the windows and doors of Indian trains fit so poorly that there is an over-generous supply of fresh air during the night.

The most modern cars have a shower bath. The floor, however, is so dusty after a night's ride that the shower is not often used. Early in the morning you are awakened by a turbanned waiter who brings your breakfast (tea and toast) or by a boy who offers to sweep the floor for whatever you may choose to give him. As there is no communication between compartments or cars, you leave your room by a door that opens directly upon the platform.

Our arrival at Bezwada was at 5:30 A.M. on Sunday, December 31. It was dark. Msgr. Colli was on hand. He carried a lantern and a worried look. I learned the reason for both, as we picked our way through hundreds of sleeping natives ("sheeted corpses," as Kipling calls them in "Kim"), curled up under their coarse, white homespun blankets. While we were stepping in and out among this motley crowd, slumbering peacefully on the concrete floor, I wondered why we had been so cold in our comparatively comfortable carriage a few hours before.

5:30 A.M. UGH!

From my hurried observations of the Indian, it seems to me that he has the faculty of sleeping at any and all times, in every conceivable position and under most

unfavorable conditions. When an Indian has nothing else to do, he goes to sleep. It matters not whether it be midday or midnight, in the broiling sun or the bitter cold, before or after eating.

It would even appear that he often substitutes sleep for food, and it is surprising how little nourishment he can subsist on. This is evident when the crops fail, or between crops. He is proverbially improvident, and hence both he and his family live from hand to mouth during the off-season. The Indian constitution must be wonderful. Perhaps this endurance is due to gen-

erations of training,
for from earliest childhood, the average Indian is accustomed to privations.

Bezwada is an important trading center, with a population of 32,000. As there is a goodly scattering of Eurasians in this parish, sermons are delivered in English as well as in the native tongue. Our Masses were hardly over when we were invited to preach at seven and nine o'clock. We tossed up a coin, with the result that I spoke at the earlier Mass. New Year's resolutions offered an appropriate subject. About one-half of the congregation, which

almost filled the church, seemed to understand what was said. The bright little children, seated with their parents on the straw-matted floor, were as well behaved as our boys and girls of the same age at home.

BEZWADA MISSION CHURCH

At the second Mass, a well-trained choir rendered the music. The devotion of all, Eurasians and natives, was inspiring. My attention was drawn to a gentle old couple whose fervor impressed me deeply. After the service they came to the veranda of the rectory to inquire, Indian fashion, about the two strangers. Their English was very good.

David Harper, or the "Lay Parish Priest," as he is called for miles around, came to Bezwada over fifty years ago, when it was a small village. In those days there was no chapel in the station. A missionary visited the place now and then, but a resident priest was not even thought of. Mr. Harper used to gather the few Catholics together on Sundays and holydays, preach to them and teach the catechism.

In the case of serious sickness, he would go or send for the priest, and he tells with pride of a Father who came fifty miles from a mission called

LAY APOSTLES, BEZWADA

Masulipatam to attend a dying woman. The poor missionary left his main station early in the afternoon, walked all night, and reached Bezwada late the next morning. When his ministrations were over, he celebrated Mass. The good Father has long since gone to his reward, but the poor old woman is still alive.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper stood in front of the church door for a snapshot. The picture is one of the best and most prized of my collection. Before the congregation had dispersed, we got another with the missionaries and three native Sisters in the group. Seated upon the ground near the rectory was a band of pagan beggars who pay their respect to the compound every Sunday. They were the most forlorn crowd I saw in India. Msgr. Colli gave each one a quarter of an anna, a copper coin called a pice, about half a cent in our money.

The filth of the Indian beggar is indescribable. It is undoubtedly responsible for the spread of disease, especially in time of plague or epidemic. During the past twenty-three years over 9,000,000 people have

succumbed to epidemic diseases. This is an annual average of almost 400,000. The most appalling visitations were of 1904, 1905, and 1907, when there were over a million deaths a year. In 1907 they reached 1,315,892. According to the report of the Plague Commission, the bubonic plague, the most to be feared, is communicated by rat-fleas. Fevers and cholera are common in India at all times.

BEZWADA BEGGARS

Bezwada is not a large missionary center. Within the compound are two small schools and two orphanages. The European Sisters of St. Ann of Providence take boarders and day scholars (about 125 in all), and have thirty-five orphans. In the

school and orphanage of the native nuns, the Little Sisters of St. Ann, the order is reversed. They care for about 125 orphans and some fifty day pupils. The Superior of the Providence Community, Sister Constance, has been forty-six years in India. Only once did she return to Europe, and yet she has all the pep and enthusiasm of a new recruit. Her English is as perfect as her Italian. We were surprised to find the Fathers, too, possessing such a mastery of the English tongue.

SMALL INTERIOR STATION

In the afternoon, our hosts brought us to a small interior station, in the village of Condapally. It has a neat little chapel (the gift of a Boston benefactor) for the 120 Christians in the district. The chapel and priest's house together cost but $300.00. The latter has one room and three pieces of furniture: a table, a chair and a bed—and such a bed! It consists of two wide boards nailed upon four

posts driven into the earthen floor. The priest comes to this station once a month, making this modest little place his headquarters for visiting the neighborhood. When he returns from a long journey

ROLLING BACK TO BEZWADA

on horseback, he may even have the luxury of a bath. A corner of the room is partitioned off for this purpose.

According to the report of the Fathers, the mission of Bezwada is one of the most promising in India. Outside of the city there are aborigines who would come into the church in large numbers if the missionaries could be had and the necessary means to convert them. Whole tribes are ready to undergo instruction and embrace the Faith, if the Bishop can only supply the necessary personnel to go among them. Like the Chota Nagpur District in the diocese

ANOTHER BEZWADA OUT-MISSION

of Calcutta, and Uganda in British East Africa, the Hyderabad harvest is ready for the reapers. It is a field with an immediate future.

This cannot be said of many missions. The labor of conversion is, as a rule, uphill work. Even here, of course, the missionary has no sinecure; but the soil seems to be richer than the average. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." Besides the Catholic population of 32,000 (the same as the total population of Bezwada) there are 5,000 catechumens under instruction in the Hyderabad Diocese. This latter number might easily be ten times as large with more men and money.

BISHOP VISMARA

Bishop Vismara of Hyderabad did not arrive at Bezwada until Monday morning. His Lordship and Msgr. Colli very kindly accompanied me to Guntur where we paid our respects to Archbishop Aelen of Madras. It is about an hour's ride by train. We got there at midday. Fr. Tom visited another mission near Bezwada.

AN OUT-STATION CONVENT, BEZWADA

I had met His Grace in 1914 in Tilburg, Holland, his birthplace. Then, as now, he was in the hospital convalescing. We had been in correspondence for about a dozen years; in fact, the very first missionary appeal I ever wrote was for the transportation of four Mill Hill priests from England to Madras. The response was both disappointing and satisfactory. Two readers answered it. One sent a dollar, the other a check for eight hundred, the amount asked for.

It was a pleasant surprise to find the Archbishop well enough to preside at table. Besides Fr. Merkes, Frs. Jarvis, McArdle, and Firman were present. It was a jolly group. The good cheer that abounded here as elsewhere confirmed my opinion that there were few "grouches" among missionaries.

THE DISPENSARY

After dinner, we went through the compound. The buildings are all new and well constructed. The proverbial Dutch cleanliness was refreshing. The Sisters of Jesus, Mary and Joseph have an orphanage for caste and non-caste children, 160 (all boarders), and 155 Telugu girls. A little reception was prepared, consisting of a few words of welcome by one of the Sisters and an entertainment by the neatly dressed orphans. All I could understand was "Hip, hip, hurrah, Mahatma McGlinchey — Ki Jay!"

A well-equipped dispensary is presided over by Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, who made her medical studies at Melbourne and, as Dr. McGlowrey, had a large practice in Australia. As many as

200 poor natives are treated on a busy day. With permission from the Propaganda in Rome and a license from the Government to perform operations, Sister Mary is the good angel of the district. Among the patients in the small hospital was a sick missionary, Fr. Walsh. In nineteen years, these Sisters have baptized 30,000 dying babies.

The good nuns, as well as the priests, are blessed with cheerful dispositions and a sense of humor. They, like the Mill Hill Fathers, look to St. Joseph for many favors. As we passed the attractive statue of their patron, one of the Fathers told me of a Superioress who had the habit of placing unpaid bills before it. One time when her petition remained unanswered, she put a pair of glasses on the Saint. The pastor branded the proceeding as

ONE OF THE BIG NEEDS IN BEZWADA IS CATECHISTS

TIME FOR THE TRAIN, FATHER TRAVELER
(Picture by Fr. Aelen)

scandalous, removed the spectacles, and gave her the amount needed, 50 rupees, about $16.00 in American money.

The 4:30 train brought us back to Bezwada, where we spent the night. Although we had to be up at 4 o'clock the following morning to catch the Calcutta express, we enjoyed a long evening's chat about the needs, past progress, and possibilities of the Hyderabad Diocese. Most of it is in the Nizam's dominion. Its first bishop was the Rt. Rev. Daniel Murphy, D.D., who lived to the ripe old age of ninety-four.

Poor as the missionaries are, they find some way to "put up" a stranger. Their houses are small, but there is always room for one more. The Chancellor, Fr. Pasquale, and a missionary from the interior, Fr. Tinti, just "dropped in" to join the company. I wondered how six of us were going to sleep in two rooms, with but one bed in each, but it was arranged satisfactorily. Msgr. Colli insisted that I should have half a room and a bed to myself. Fr. Tom was in an alcove off of it. The remaining half of the big room, which served as a dining-room and fortunately had a wide table, sheltered the Bishop and the pastor. The others slept on the veranda. When all was quiet and I was about to blow out my light, I discovered some bats flying back and forth over the partition. After coaxing them out by the light of my candle, and closing the door, I got to sleep.

When Mass and breakfast were over, we hurried to the station, in company with the Bishop, Msgr. Colli, and Fr. Pasquale, and again picked our way

through the "sheeted corpses" on the cold, concrete floor.

The 5:45 A.M. from Bezwada was indeed an early train. The long session of the previous night, followed by but a few hours' sleep, the hurried breakfast after Mass at 4:30, the quick transfer to the station, and the frantic rush for a compartment were a good preparation for our reception into the arms of Morpheus. We put off our customary comparison of notes, our comments upon the scenery were brief — in a very few minutes all was silence and we were dead to the world.

A BEZWADA BELLE

Chapter IX

CALCUTTA

During the run of 764 miles, which was to take all that day and half of the next, several times we congratulated ourselves upon our good sense in breaking the long journey from Madras to Calcutta at Bezwada. Through Japan, Corea, China, Indo-China, and the Straits Settlements, I had been alone. On this long stretch, more than at any time since Fr. Tom had met me in Colombo, I appreciated his delightful companionship and the extreme kindness of the Archbishop of Pondicherry in permitting "Père Gavan," as they call him down in his mission, to be my cicerone.

IN CALCUTTA, FR. TOM AND I GOT BACK INTO BLACK CLOTHING

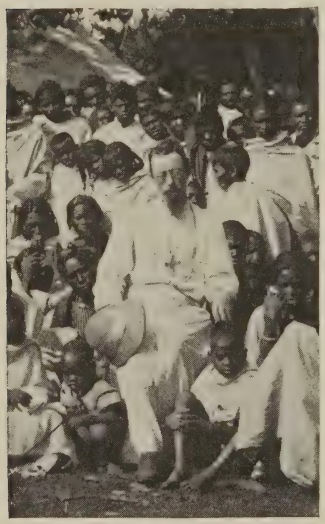
My most pleasant memories of the Far East are those of India. And, as I look back upon the entire itinerary, I feel that this is due in no small measure to the fund of information as well as to the congenial association of my guide. It is gratifying to read in his regular correspondence that he, too, finds satis-

faction in recalling the days we spent together. In one letter he wrote:

"This time last year, I was on my way to Colombo to meet you. How often I have lived over those two glorious months! I wonder if anything so good will ever happen again?"

Only those who have traveled through the Orient know the creepy feeling that comes over the Occidental while touring the other side of the globe. India is a land of extremes as well as sharp contrasts. These extremes often leave a bad impression upon the European and the American.

The long ride, however, was not monotonous. Travel in India never is, especially in good weather. The mixture of races and castes, jabbering in a dozen tongues and decked out in turbans and saris of as many colors and shades, the odd manners and customs all so strange, make each stop most interesting. True, from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. the heat is oppressive; but the blue-tinted window glass and the wooden blinds help to make the compartment endurable. We wore amber colored goggles (protected on the sides with a fine screen) to relieve the eyes and avoid sunstroke.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CALCUTTA, DR. MEULEMAN

Upon our arrival in Cal-

A BIG MAN ON A BIGGER BEAST

cutta, we were met by a "big" friend, the Rev. T. Van der Schueren, S.J., who had already invited us by letter to make our headquarters at St. Xavier's College. This Belgian missionary is six feet two inches tall, and wears a long, white beard. He has been forty years in India. A few years ago he took the United States by storm, and is still remembered in Boston for his fascinating appeal in behalf of this mission. Our rooms were ready when we got there. After dinner, at recreation, we met the faculty and were received by Archbishop Meuleman[1] and his Coadjutor, Bishop Perier. This Bengal Mission is supplied from the Belgian Province of the Society of Jesus. It was reopened soon after the re-establishment of the Society in 1834. The first Vicar Apostolic was the Rt. Rev. Robert St. Leger. In keeping with the tradition of

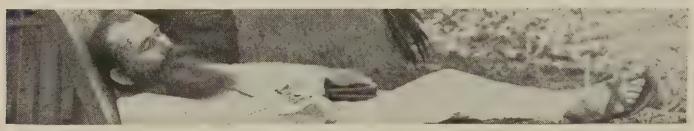
[1] Archbishop Meuleman has died since.

the Society, he and his five companions started a college. Under the second Vicar, the Rt. Rev. Patrick Carew, it was closed in 1840. Six years later the Jesuits left Calcutta, but returned in 1860.

Since the days of St. Francis Xavier, other apostolic Jesuits like de Nobili and de Britto have evangelized India from Ceylon to the Himalayas and beyond. The marvelous results obtained by the Germans in Bombay, the French in Madura and Trichinopoly, and the Italians in Mangalore, give testimony to the missionary spirit of the Society. In these centers, as in Calcutta, the Jesuit colleges are large and flourishing.

Fr. Van der Schueren had prepared a tour of the city and a visit to the interior, where we saw two most interesting stations in the famous Chota Nagpur District. For years I had been reading of the wonders accomplished among the aboriginal tribes by the saintly Fr. Lievens. Now I was actually to see the fruits of his labors. No experience on my entire trip was more eagerly awaited than this, and none made me feel more satisfied that with men and means, our missionaries can make a deep rift in the rock of paganism.

Calcutta is on the Hugli River, some eighty miles from the mouth. It is the gateway to India from the East, as is Bombay from the West. This capital of the Bengal Presidency has a population



ALL IN

of 1,000,000, three-fourths of whom are Hindus. The remainder are mostly Mohammedans. It has about 50,000 Christians. The Catholics number 15,000.

Some refer to it as the "City of Palaces" because

A CORNER IN A SCHOOL

of the beautiful, attractive buildings that grace its broad, well laid out thoroughfares. These are in the English part of the city, which is quite in contrast with the native quarters. Here, as in Bombay, one sees the extremes of European affluence and native misery. There has been an attempt to relieve the wretched living conditions of the poor in Bombay by the erection of "chawls," large concrete apartments that will accommodate from 1,000 to 2,000 people. But even these are so congested that there is a whole

family in each room. We saw no such provisions for the poor in Calcutta.

The city itself is by no means the stronghold of the Church in this diocese. Most of the 222,000

From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

A STUPENDOUS BARRIER

Catholics, as we shall see later, are not pure Bengalis. The native converts in Calcutta are largely Tamils from the South. For these as well as for the

Europeans and Eurasians there is ample provision of churches. Besides the Cathedral, which dates back to 1697, there are eight other churches, three of which were built in the first half of the last century.

CHATTING WITH THE HIMALAYAS

The educational opportunities, especially for higher study, are excellent. St. Xavier's College, affiliated with the Calcutta University, has fifty professors and masters, half of whom are Jesuits. The Fathers also conduct St. Anthony's High School for Indian boys. On its staff are two members of the Society and seven lay teachers. At Darjeeling, a beautifully situated town, 350 miles from Calcutta and 7,000 feet high, is St. Joseph's College, usually called "North Point." For this, fifteen Jesuits and six lay masters are required.

Darjeeling, known to the globe-trotter as the "Roof of the World," is at the foot of the majestic Himalayas. The best view of Mt. Kinchanjunga, the second highest peak in the world, is had from the college windows. Some claim that on a very clear day even Mt. Everest is visible from Darjeeling. Besides the picturesque scenery, this popular resort

offers a most delightful climate. The temperature is never higher than 80° in midsummer or below 30° in winter. This place is a blessing for the sick missionary from the scorching plains of Bengal.

But the good Jesuits are not the only educators in this flourishing diocese. The Irish Christian Brothers

GRACE BEFORE MEALS

have three schools for boys. There are the Loretto Sisters (from Ireland), Ursulines and Daughters of the Cross (from Belgium), and the Daughters of St. Anne (native nuns) to teach the girls. These nuns have homes, hospitals, orphanages, and nurseries as well. There is one house of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

As I talked with the missionaries everywhere, I was impressed with their wonderful adaptability.

They seem to be able to work for souls in every way, in every clime, and under all circumstances. How beautiful the training of a Religious, especially a Religious missionary! Well grounded in humility and obedience and with a heart full of Christian

From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"
POST OFFICE, CALCUTTA

charity, he can adapt himself to anything that he feels is pleasing to Our Lord. No wonder our missionaries accomplish so much with such scanty means! The Sisters, like the priests and Brothers, are as composed in a mission compound as in the classic circles of their colleges in Europe and America. I have just received a letter from a Little Sister of the Poor in Bangalore, India. When I passed through Shanghai, China, she was Superior of an old people's home there. Her birthplace is Bennington, Vt. If

BISHOP TAVEGGIA

I mistake not, for many years she was stationed in France. Souls, only souls, are the quest of the missionary, and, like St. Francis Xavier, he or she is willing to go to the most distant corners of the world to save just one soul — and then die.

Soon after our arrival at Calcutta, we learned that the Rt. Rev. Sanctinus Taveggia, D.D., Bishop of Krishnagar, a suffragan see to Calcutta, was expected the following day. His Lordship came to express thanks for past help from the Boston Office, and also to explain the needs of his diocese. He was the guest of the Archbishop, who very kindly arranged for a meeting at lunch. This gave Fr. Tom and me an opportunity to become better acquainted with His Grace and his Coadjutor, Msgr. Perier. Msgr. Fernandez, the Archbishop's Secretary, who is a native of the diocese, and two visiting priests, completed the group. After the gathering broke up, I had a long conference with Msgr. Taveggia, which has since benefited the poorest missions in the diocese of Krishnagar. His Lordship and his missionaries are members of the Milan Foreign Missions Society.

BROWN WATER-LILIES

Chapter X

CHOTA NAGPUR

As our chief purpose in going to Bengal was to visit the mission among the aboriginal tribes of Chota Nagpur, we left for the central station, Ranchi, on the second day after our arrival in Calcutta. It took about a day and a night, although the distance is but 276 miles. Travel was not so convenient as on the main line, but a real treat was in store for us, and we knew it. Fortunately, Fr. Van der Schueren had planned for a Sunday in this interesting center. We got there on Saturday morning and left on Monday afternoon.

A brief history of the early years in this district was given us before our departure. It reads like a fairy tale. The story of mass conversions reminds one of the conquests of the great Xavier, or even of Apostolic days. And all this meteoric progress centers about the frail form and indomitable will of a young Belgian Jesuit, the Rev. Constantine Lie-

vens. At the age of thirty, immediately after his ordination, this pioneer missionary left home for India. After his arrival, he obtained permission to go at once among the aborigines. In a native hut he began to study the language, manners, customs, and needs of the people. They were poor, simple, ignorant. Their poverty was due in great measure to oppression.

The natives of India are by nature improvident. This is a trait of most primitive peoples whose lot has been cast in a tropical climate. But there are always some shrewd minds, keen enough to prey upon the multitude and take advantage of their weaknesses. One of the frailties of the Indian is his proneness to borrow. The money lender is a veritable curse in India. Usury and extortion are the order of the day.

The money lenders and the usurers, the Hindu merchants and the zemindars (land owners) found these innocent tribes an easy prey. The poor debtors were deceived, robbed, despoiled of their land and cattle and thrown into prison. This was an opportunity for the young priest to become their friend and guide. He studied their laws, advised them, showed them their legal rights, defended them, and even pleaded their cases in the law courts. Verdict followed verdict in

favor of the oppressed. His reputation was made. He was hailed as their father and protector.

But this was not his goal. The zealous young Jesuit would be their ghostly father, their guide in the spiritual life. He would teach them to know the real Saviour. The way was already open to him. In fact, many of his conferences with their head men

ONE OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOLS

were interspersed with preaching and religious teaching. He was laying deep the foundation of one of the most promising missions of the world at the present time.

Fr. Lievens arrived in March, 1885. By March of the next year he had made 350 converts. In another twelve months the flock had increased to 5,000. In August of that same year, 1887, it was doubled. But these 10,000 neophytes were not left alone, nor were their children neglected. The secret of lasting success of any mission is the school. The apostle

knew this full well. So he opened one after another until there were thirty. Two months later, October, 1887, there were 15,000 converts in 400 villages, and 60 schools to the credit of the untiring efforts of the missionary. Several chapels, too, were built. In

THEY KEEP COMING AND COMING

August of 1888, the official census, according to Rev. Henry Josson, S.J., who has recently written a complete history of the mission in two large volumes, was as follows:

Total converts, 50,351 — 11,291 baptized, 39,060 catechumens; number of villages, 832; number of Catholic families, 7,193; number of catechists, 189; number of chapels, 95; number of schools, 77; number of pupils, 2,400.

The figures at the end of the year 1889 are given as:

36,302 baptized, 36,961 catechumens; total, 73,263 converts.

In four years the increase in converts was about 70,000. Fr. Lievens had help when the work became so great that one could not manage it alone. The first to arrive was another young Belgian Jesuit, Fr. Cardon, in January, 1889.

The latest census at hand, taken from a most interesting book by Fr. Van der Schueren, brings the harvest up to August, 1921. These figures include the entire mission among the aboriginal tribes of Chota Nagpur proper and the adjoining Independent States of Gangpur and Jashpur:

Baptized, 123,228; catechumens, 47,163; total converts, 170,391; catechists, 710; churches, 18; chapels, 628; schools, 519; pupils, 13,020.

Of course, the zemindars were not idle during these years of abundance in Fr. Lievens' corner of the vineyard. While he was winning souls, they were losing money and influence. They thwarted him and his co-workers in every way, even with violence. The good priest's life was threatened several times. During all this mental anguish and physical

hardship (he was constantly traveling about protecting his neophytes, encouraging them, supervising schools, preaching and administering to the sick) he suffered from malarial fever and from an affection of the throat and lungs.

After a complete breakdown, the doctor ordered him to the sanatorium at Darjeeling. Rest, care, wholesome food (which he seldom had in the missions) and the bracing mountain air improved his condition. He returned to the Chota Nagpur, but only for some ten months. His Superiors then sent him to Belgium, where he lived but a year. At the age of thirty-seven, this young apostle joined the First Missionary, whose example had made him a martyr to charity.

With the inspiring story of the work of Fr. Lievens in mind, no wonder we awaited most eagerly our first view of Ranchi, the center of operations in this flourishing, modern mission among the three aborig-

RANCHI CHURCH IN THE BUILDING

inal tribes (Ouraons, Mundas, and Kharrias) of the Chota Nagpur. The train arrived at 11:45 A.M. We were met by Fr. Bressers, S.J., the rector. A native with a baby on her shoulder directed the transportation of our baggage, running off with the largest and heaviest piece on her head.

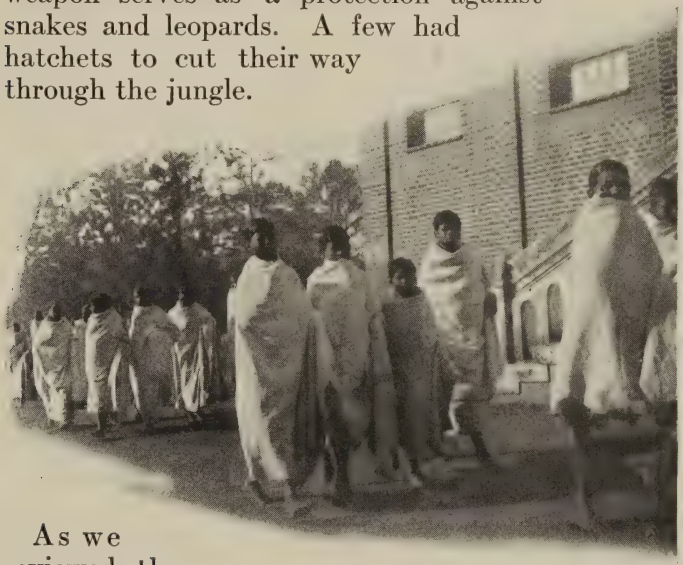
Ranchi has developed into a city of 40,000 people. It is the capital of Chota Nagpur and residence of the Governor in summer time. Here the various Protestant sects, who started missions among the aborigines forty years before the arrival of Fr. Lievens, have also established their headquarters. Chief among them are the Anglicans and the Lutherans. Their success has been far inferior to ours.

RANCHI CHURCH TODAY

The mission compound, which serves 6,000 Catholics, is very extensive. A public road separates the church, house of the Fathers, seminary, and boys' schools from the convents and girls' schools. I have remarked this in many other large Catholic centers, not only in India, but elsewhere. The various activities centered here give it a busy appearance. Everyone seemed to be occupied. There was a pep and a go in the atmosphere that made one think of the opposite side of the globe.

Besides the church, a fine, large, brick structure, and the residences of the priests and the Sisters,

most of the remaining buildings are used for educational purposes. The missionaries select the best boys and girls from the outlying districts and send them to Ranchi to be trained. On the afternoon of our arrival, the boys were returning from vacation (300 of the 450 in St. John's High School are boarders) and we watched them as they strayed into the compound. Some had walked 150 miles. It took them four or five days. Each one carried a pole or stick with all his belongings tied to it. This home-made weapon serves as a protection against snakes and leopards. A few had hatchets to cut their way through the jungle.



As we reviewed these sturdy, athletic little men, Fr. Tom was reminded of the pupils in his catechist school away down south in Tindivanam. There is a difference, however, in the manner of transporting their worldly

possessions. He has seen boys (whose relatives were generous) arrive with half a dozen shirts. They put on the longest first and wear all six outside their short, white pants, which barely reach the knees!

But the boys are not the only "hikers." It is common in all missions for whole families to walk all Saturday night to get to Mass. The missionaries, too, have long distances to travel. While we were at Ranchi, the Superior of the entire Chota Nagpur District pedaled in on his bicycle. He said that he often rode 350 miles on a trip. Bishop Forbes, Vicar Apostolic of Uganda, told us recently that he sometimes makes 80 miles a day. His Lordship's average is 60. The episcopal "push bike," as they call it in Africa, has three sprocket wheels and permits of shifting gears without dismounting.

St. John's High School and the Ursuline Convent School for Girls are feeders for the other institutions in the compound. The High School supplies the Guru Training School for teachers, who are sent to the villages, and the Apostolic School, where the boys who have vocations are prepared for admission into the seminary. These two schools have about thirty students each. The seminary, St. Albert's, has graduated thirty native priests. It counts

twenty-five seminarians at present. Native boys are prepared here for admission into the Society of Jesus as well. An Industrial School, with an attendance of seventy pupils, completes the educational equipment for boys.

When we finished our tour of the boys' and young men's departments, we crossed the road to the Sisters' section of the compound. In the large Ursuline School there were over 300 girls, half of whom are boarders. A visit to the Lace Making School, where 240 women are given work, recalled a similar enterprise conducted on a still larger scale in the

THE LITTLE SISTERS

wonderful Jesuit Settlement at Zikawei, near Shanghai, China.

Some native girls are admitted into the Ursuline Community, but most of them, here as elsewhere in India, and in fact throughout the entire East, Africa, and Oceania, are formed into their own

NATIVE NOVICES

Sisterhoods. They are under the patronage of St. Anne and are popularly known as the "Little Sisters." Although but sixty in all, they have charge of ten convent schools in as many stations. These barefoot nuns, dressed in the modest, native costume of their mothers and sisters, work wonderful changes in a village once they are established. Seated upon the floor of their primitive convent they were the picture of happiness and contentment.

When I first witnessed the native Sisters in Japan and China, during the early stages of my journey, I felt that they should be made to approach more nearly the mode of life of the European communities. It was strange to see them without shoes and stockings, sitting, eating, and sleeping on the floor. The absence of the nun's habit seemed to be a mistake. Some native sisterhoods, of course, have adopted it. Here in the Chota Nagpur, more even than in other parts of India, the dress of the native nuns appeared quite appropriate. It is the ordinary

sari, worn by other women, but blue with a white stripe. The customary linen to cover the hair and ears is the only distinctive feature of their Religious costume. The novices have a white sari with a narrow blue border.

The Fathers try in every way to give the natives a sense of responsibility and to make them provident, not an easy task with a people whose civilization is of a low order. A Coöperative Society and Coöperative Bank have even been put in operation. They are run on strictly business lines. No deposit is too small. At the planting season, many a poor farmer has the wherewith to purchase seed, who would not be so fortunate without this coöperative plan. A great many families own land and have built good houses through the assistance of the

WELCOME TO KHUNTI

bank. The Society has a store, too, and it is well patronized. We were shown through the bank by the priest in charge. It is run with a small overhead and takes all of his time. Ranchi cares for the territory of the Ouraons. About twenty-five miles to the south is the center of missionary work among the Mundas. Since we had the time, and the road is good, we wanted to see this station, too. So, after

URSULINE SISTERS, KHUNTI

the High Mass, which afforded an excellent opportunity of viewing the Ouraons in their "Sunday best," we set out for Khunti, the principal mission of the Mundas.

Here another treat was in store for us, and a surprise, too. We had evidently been announced, for we were received by a delegation. Flags were flying, and tom-toms beating. Boys and girls danced, while the men thumped frantically upon their primitive, native drums. The Jesuit Fathers and the Ursuline Sisters were on hand to say a word of welcome. We felt quite at home. Dinner was served in the rectory, a solidly built structure standing beside the rather stately church.

We had but a few hours in Khunti. But this was enough to give us a bird's-eye view of this central Munda Mission. It serves 3,300 of the 30,000 Catholics in the tribe. The progress among the Mundas has not equalled that among the Ouraons, who count 120,000 converts and children of converts out of a total population of 700,000.

A MUNDA DANCE

Like Ranchi, this mission has an excellent school for lace making. The number of pupils varies with the season from 150 to 200. The little folks have to work in the fields to help their parents. In the group of seven Ursuline nuns at Khunti, we observed two natives. On the missions as at home the good Sisters are of invaluable assistance to the priests. At Khunti there are three Fathers. They could make little progress among the women and children without the nuns.

The Mundas are a most interesting people. Their tongue, one of the 220 spoken in India, is as different from that of the other two aboriginal tribes (Ouraons and Kharrias) as is German from French or Italian. In manners and customs also they differ from their neighbors. When the missionaries arrived (their first converts were among the Mundas) they found that the native languages had no characters. So they compiled grammars, dictionaries, prayer books, etc., by using Hindi or Sanskrit letters. The Rev. John Hoffman, a great student of things Munda, is working upon an encyclopedia which will tell all that is knowable about the tribe. Because of his nationality, he was repatriated during the war, but the Government is still supplying him with funds to complete his work.

Reading, correspondence, and occasional meetings with missionaries at the Boston Office had, I thought, given me a good grasp of the mission problem. But, during the progress of my recent trip, as I saw the life of the modern apostle at close range, many pictures that had been more or less hazy stood out in sharp relief. Never before did I appreciate the full importance of the missionary as a leader of his flock. He must be to the poor natives what the father and mother are to the family, what the teacher is in the classroom; for his charges are all children.

AFTER SUNDAY MASS

Everywhere the missionary has to be a business man, but here in the Chota Nagpur he is a captain of industry. Like the "Black Robe" in the old Jesuit Reductions in South America and the "Brown Robe" in the once flourishing Franciscan missions that stretched along El Camino Real from San Diego to a hundred miles north of the Golden Gate, so to-day in India the "White Robe" plans, teaches, and directs the material as well as the spiritual interests of the aborigines. "Feed My lambs and feed My sheep" has a material as well as a spiritual significance. But in all these material activities not one cent, not one grain of rice comes either to the priest individually or to his Society. There is no exploiting of the simple, ignorant children of the jungle for the benefit of the shrewd, well-trained white man, as sometimes happens in non-Catholic missions.

Social service is now a science. We have schools and colleges to teach us the best and most improved way to help the poor and the down-and-outs. High salaried men and women are sent among the indigent in our large cities to show them how to live and to better their condition generally. I wish it were possible for these competent, well-meaning, often zealous workers to drop in on a Munda or an Ouraon compound to "observe" as we did.

THE FIRST CHAPEL IN A NEWLY-CONVERTED VILLAGE

These tribes make their livelihood from the soil. They are farmers. Rice is their chief product. Hence the most valuable way to help them was to improve the land and the methods of planting. This was no easy task. The Oriental (the Indian particularly) is wedded to ancient methods. It is almost impossible to change him. But with patience and perseverance, these successors of Fr. Lievens built

CATHOLICS OF CHOTA NAGPUR, RETURNING HOME TO THEIR VILLAGES AFTER SUNDAY MASS

They have heard the word of God and nourished their souls with the bread of Angels

upon the foundations he laid so firmly, and to-day there are prosperous, progressive, permanent agriculturalists where but a few years ago one found poverty-stricken, backward nomads, eking out a miserable existence from a half-cultivated soil.

In each mission there are a model rice field and truck garden developed by intensive farming. By irrigating and fertilizing the once arid soil, it has been converted into good land, yielding remarkable crops. In one district over 200 wells were sunk under the direction of the priest. This provision alone transformed the surrounding plantations.

In his capacity of teacher, organizer, and adviser, the missionary always has in mind the mutual help that the natives can give to one another. While he endeavors to make them provident and to instill into them that sense of responsibility which is proper to the white man and generally lacking in the Indian, he tries at the same time to inspire them with an interest in the welfare of their fellow men.

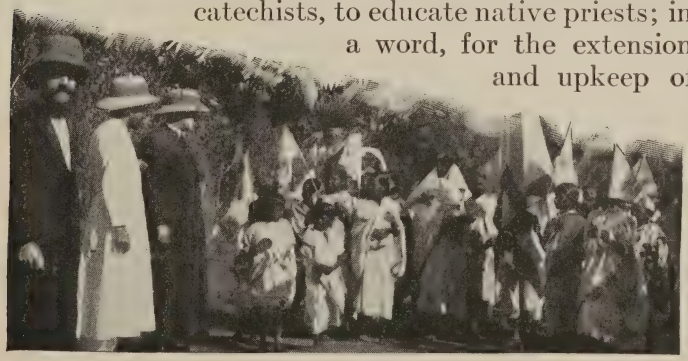
For example, to the panchayats or meetings of the 13,000 shareholders in the bank, the rural branches or units send representatives. Sometimes there are over a thousand present. The Archbishop, the Superior of the mission and a goodly number of missionaries attend. These picked delegates from the tribes are in session for several days. They discuss everything that makes for the welfare of their people, give their experiences (successes and failures) and thus profit by one another's knowledge.

Besides the money bank, there is a rice or produce bank, in which the capital and interest on loans are rice or some other product. This keeps the more

primitive farmers out of the hands of mahajans or Hindu money lenders. These sharks generally get one hundred per cent. on a loan when the interest is payable in rice or produce.

The last word in this social service system is the Mutual Help Society. This operates with a fund provided to assist the less fortunate who would meet with failure without it. Many a family, carrying a heavy mortgage and unable to meet the demands of the bank, is tided over a poor season by relief from this Society. In Khunti the fund is over $1000.00. It has saved countless homes and farms from the ruin that is sure to follow negotiations with the heartless money lenders.

Before the war, I had often wondered why no appeals came to the Office from the diocese of Calcutta. My brief visit showed me one reason: the mission was in a flourishing condition, the people were prosperous and they contributed to the Church. But their offerings were not nearly large enough to build chapels and schools, to pay teachers and catechists, to educate native priests; in a word, for the extension and upkeep of



FAREWELL TO KHUNTI

the diocese. The other reason (it should have come first) was the great generosity of the Catholics of Belgium who, when they could, gave unsparingly to the mission work of their countrymen in this far off Bengal jungle.

To-day, it is a struggle to keep up these ambitious works, largely on account of the depreciation of Belgian money. It now takes about 90 francs to purchase an English pound. Before the war 24 francs would do it. In those days the Belgian franc was worth 20 cents. At present, its value is less than 5 cents. From a priest in the Ranchi District I recently received an appeal in which he writes: "My District Superior who is in charge of 10,000 Christians and a school of 300 boys has to his credit 50 rupees ($15.00)! Please come to our help! I can still pull on for some time, but the Superior of the District cannot wait. He is in urgent need of immediate assistance. May God enable you to come to our relief!"

A FRIEND IN BENGAL
whom we were not able to see, Rev. John B. Delaunay, Ph.D., J.C.D., of Dacca, a Holy Cross Father from the U.S.A.

Chapter XI

PATNA

Leaving the interesting Chota Nagpur missions in the diocese of Calcutta, our itinerary brought us north and east to Patna on the Ganges, the field of a small band of American Jesuits. We left Ranchi in the afternoon, a little before 4 o'clock. A short ride of three hours brought us to a place called Perulia. Here we waited two hours for the night train to Patna. It came along at 9:30. As we were due for an early arrival (5 A.M.), no time was lost in spreading our blankets upon the seats for a good night's rest; but we were doomed to disappointment.

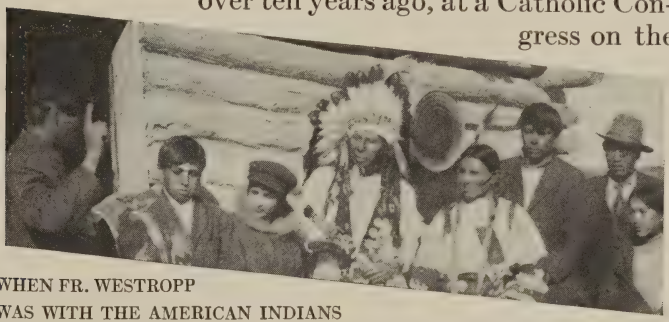
In the upper berth was a portly old Mohammedan who snored. Fr. Tom who, as we have noted before, sees the humorous side of every situation, said, "I once heard that whistling would stop a man from snoring." And so we both struck up the "Wearing of the Green." The breathing deepened, the vibrations became more regular, and then we heard him mutter to himself, "God of Allah, drive away those pests!" mistaking our musical efforts doubtless for the singing of mosquitoes. We soon heard him turn over and begin again and this time he succeeded in completely drowning us out, for we hadn't the strength to keep on whistling all night even such an inspiriting air as the "Wearing of the Green." At last, however, we fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, but what with the jouncing of the car, the concert above our heads, and the anxiety to be

THE ELOQUENT SLEEPER

awake and dressed at 5 A.M., we certainly spent a restless night.

The Vicar General, the Very Rev. P. T. Troy, S.J., whom I had met some years ago at St. Mary's, Kansas, greeted us at the station. After our Masses, we were presented to His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., and renewed acquaintance with our old friend, the Rev. Henry Westropp, S.J. Fr. Milet, S.J., we met for the first time.

A chat with Fr. Westropp brought back memories of his work among the American Indians. It was over ten years ago, at a Catholic Congress on the



WHEN FR. WESTROPP
WAS WITH THE AMERICAN INDIANS

Sisseton Reservation in South Dakota, that I learned of his love for the Indians and saw the results of his zeal. The participants were all Sioux. They had come from various reservations, and were gathered together for a few days to discuss the things which to them as Catholics counted most. Never shall I forget the stirring speeches (translated by Fr. Westropp), the fervor, the devotion to the Church and the "Black Robe" of these simple children of the forest.

Patna is a city of about 140,000 inhabitants. Up to the time of the agreement of 1911 with China, it

HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REV. ALEXIS HENRY M. LEPICIER,
O.S.M., D.D., APOSTOLIC VISITOR TO INDIA

was one of the chief centers for the supply of opium, the greatest source of revenue to the East India Company. The poppy is still grown and the narcotic is being manufactured, but the celebrated Gulzarbogh factory is now closed.

The ecclesiastical history of this district is interesting. At the invitation of the Nawab, Jesuit Fathers went to Patna as early as 1620. In January, 1707, a mission station was opened by a band of six Italian Capuchins on their way to Thibet, whence they had been sent by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in 1704 to evangelize the kingdom. Not until 1707 did the group reach Lhassa. They were welcomed by the king and his subjects, but were obliged to abandon the project five years later, returning to Patna to recuperate their health and await new recruits. With twelve more members of the Order sent from Rome, the apostolic journey was renewed in 1715. Upon arrival the following year, they found that a fellow countryman of the Society of Jesus had preceded them. The Jesuit stayed until 1721 when, at the decision of Rome, the new district was joined to the Capuchin mission of Agra.

After various vicissitudes, the Thibet mission finally had to be abandoned in 1745. Then an attempt was made to evangelize the "Forbidden Land" of Nepal. But in 1769 this, too, was given up. No missionaries have been permitted to enter this kingdom since. At the present time, only British agents are allowed to reside there.

During all these years the Patna Mission was open. Never has it been discontinued. The present diocese, erected in 1919, comprises the former Prefecture

THE HIERARCHY OF INDIA, 1922

Apostolic of Bettiah and Nepal and the eastern part of the diocese of Allahabad. The American Jesuits arrived early in 1921.

The diocese is divided by the Ganges. North of the river is the Bettiah section, south the Patna district. The former, said to be the most thickly populated part of India, has 3,400 of the 5,600 Catholics within the jurisdiction of Bishop Van Hoeck. Before the war, Bettiah was under the Austrian Capuchins and Patna belonged to the Italians of the same Order.

There is much to be done in and about Patna; schools must be started, catechists trained, churches erected. For private circulation, among their friends in India and at home, the Fathers publish the *Patna Mission Letter*, a printed foolscap sheet. It is written in true American style. The good cheer and buoyancy permeating the contributions are contagious. No reader who is familiar with the task ahead of this small group of priests can doubt that there is a "grace of office" accompanying the missionary. The old folks used to say "God fits the back to the burden." This is but another way of affirming that the First Missionary is with those whom He has called to continue His Mission and carry out the Commission given to Him by His Eternal Father. American readers will do well to keep this diocese in their prayers and send an occasional alms for its many needs.

The Cathedral is a fine old structure dating back to 1772, but of little use to the mission because of its site in the Mohammedan quarters. It was once the center of a prosperous Portuguese population.

Now there is hardly a Catholic within a mile of it. Here is an example of a once flourishing parish that has been completely wiped out.

We found besides thirteen priests, seven of whom are seculars, Irish Christian Brothers, Sisters of the I. B. V. M. (from Bavaria), Sisters of the Holy Cross (from Switzerland), Sisters of St. Joseph, and Native Nuns of the Third Order of St. Francis. Bishop Van Hoeck was once Director of Schools in the Chota Nagpur. Judging from His Lordship's record there in works of education, there will be a development of schools in Patna, if the necessary means can be had.

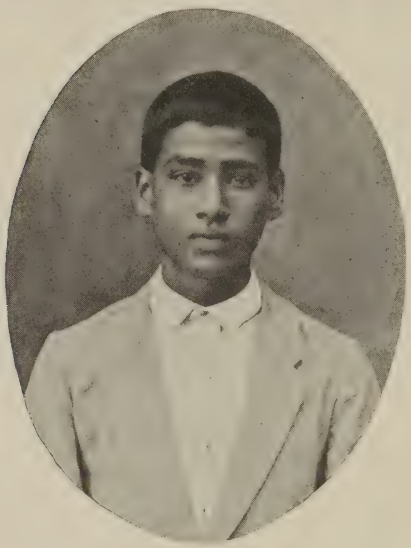
In the afternoon, the Very Rev. Fr. Troy and Fr. Westropp secured a Ford, and we drove for eight miles through the narrow, dusty, crowded bazaar and along the banks of the Sacred Ganges to Dinapur, stopping to pay a visit to the Christian Brothers, who conduct here a High School with 200 boarders. It has a well-chosen site, overlooking the broad expanse of the majestic river.

Dinapur is the parish of the Superior of the Patna Mission, the Very Rev. William J. Eline, S.J. Besides being pastor of St. Stephen's, he acts as chaplain at the Cantonment. This position brings him a salary, and the Government is not niggardly in its treatment of chaplains.

Supper was on the table, for we were late. After removing the dust from our black faces (never did soap and water do better service) we sat down. It was a most enjoyable evening. As we were to take the midnight train, there was plenty of time to exchange ideas. These were the only American missionaries I had met since leaving the Maryknollers at Hongkong, with the exception of Fr. Lynch, S.J., whom we ran across in Kandy on the island of Ceylon. In my notebook, Dinapur is double starred. It recalls memories that are among the most delightful of the entire trip.

We started back to Patna in good season, but the "mission boy" (he may be anywhere between ten and seventy years old in the East) was so late in getting our suitcases to the train that we almost missed it. Fr. Troy, who was master of ceremonies, seemed not at all excited. It is remarkable how even the hustling American can grow accustomed to the slow, sleepy, sluggish East. With a smile of satisfaction he got us on board, bag and baggage, as the signal was given to start. Our destination was Agra, on the Jumna, a tributary of

the Ganges. We were in for a long ride, but with two changes, Mughalsarai at 6:35 A.M. and Tundla at 8:13 P.M. Fortunately, the whole compartment was ours, with no snoring Moslem to disturb us! Michael prepared our blankets, and all three slept the sleep of the just.



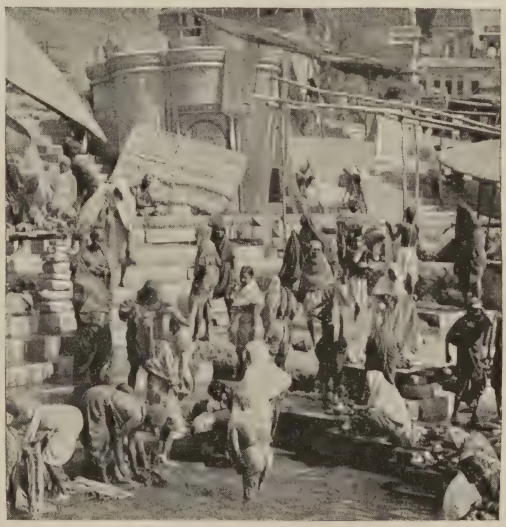
MICHAEL

Poor Michael! He has been with his master since he really was a boy, and is as faithful as can be. We have made only passing references to him in this hurried account of our travels, but he deserves many pages. It was upon occasions like this that he rendered valuable service. There were two reasons for bringing Michael along: to keep him out of mischief and away from bad companions while Fr. Tom was away, and to save the expense of hiring a stranger. A servant in India is a necessity; he is useful in a hundred different ways and earns his small salary ($4 to $6 a month) many times over. Michael, for example, prepared our meals, made small purchases, guarded our baggage, when we had occasion to stretch our legs at way stations, and transferred it.

A white man would lose face anywhere in the

East, were he to perform the slightest menial work. This is more true in China than in India. Missionaries from the interior of China told me that they often have to ride in a chair to maintain the dignity of their office and to avoid offending their Christians, when they would much prefer to walk and get the exercise. Moreover, a servant's ticket costs but a pittance in India. There are separate compartments for the "boys," cramped and uncomfortable. When we met a good-natured conductor, we took a chance and had Michael unroll his mat on the floor of our compartment. In the servants' section he would have been obliged to sit up all night, with six in a seat.

At Mughalsarai, we were within ten miles of Benares, the Rome of Hinduism. It was a disappointment to miss the "holiest city in all India," into which, for two centuries, over 100,000 pilgrims have poured each year. But we were not mere sight-



From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"
BENARES, THE ROME OF PAGAN INDIA

seers this time, much as the wanderlust has taken hold of us. So we had to be content to salute the train bound for the Golden Temple, the Monkey Temple, and the Burning and Bathing Ghats of Benares.

At Allahabad there was a stop for dinner. We decided to pass up Michael's cooking and try the station restaurant. Upon stepping from the train we found ourselves in the arms of the Rt. Rev. A. J. Poli, O.M.Cap., D.D. His Lordship had come to invite us to spend a day in his mission, but it was out of the question, as we were already a little behind schedule. The Bishop joined us at lunch and in twenty minutes told us more about his diocese than we could have read in hours. This meeting was the beginning of an acquaintance that has since been kept up by correspondence.

PICTURE TAKEN FROM THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AS OUR TRAIN STEAMED INTO ALLAHABAD

From
"John L. Stoddard's
Lectures"

Chapter XII

AGRA

It was 9:30 P.M. when we reached the Agra Fort Station, which is just outside the Delhi Gate of the great Fort. A short drive brought us to the Compound, a group of large buildings dominated by the tall tower of the Cathedral. The mission was started in the days of Akbar. The buildings of his palace are among the most magnificent show places in all India. His Grace, Archbishop Bernacchioni, was at a conference in Delhi, but very kindly left greetings and a welcome for the strangers.

Twenty years ago, as a seminarian, I first experienced Capuchin hospitality in the quaint little town

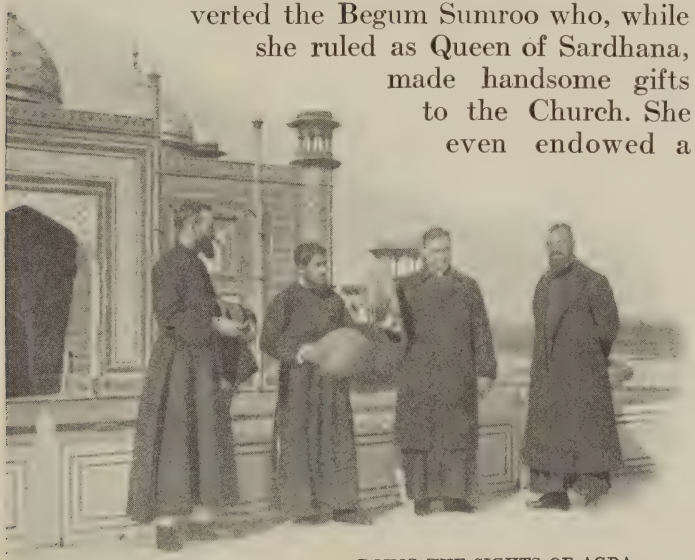
OUR CAPUCHIN HOSTS AT AGRA

of Palestrina, near Rome. While the members of this rigid Order in Agra are by no means living in luxury, their mission house is homelike and comfortable, and here, as there, one finds the cheerful, happy spirit of St. Francis which, added to a kind and hearty reception, makes the guest feel that he is wanted.

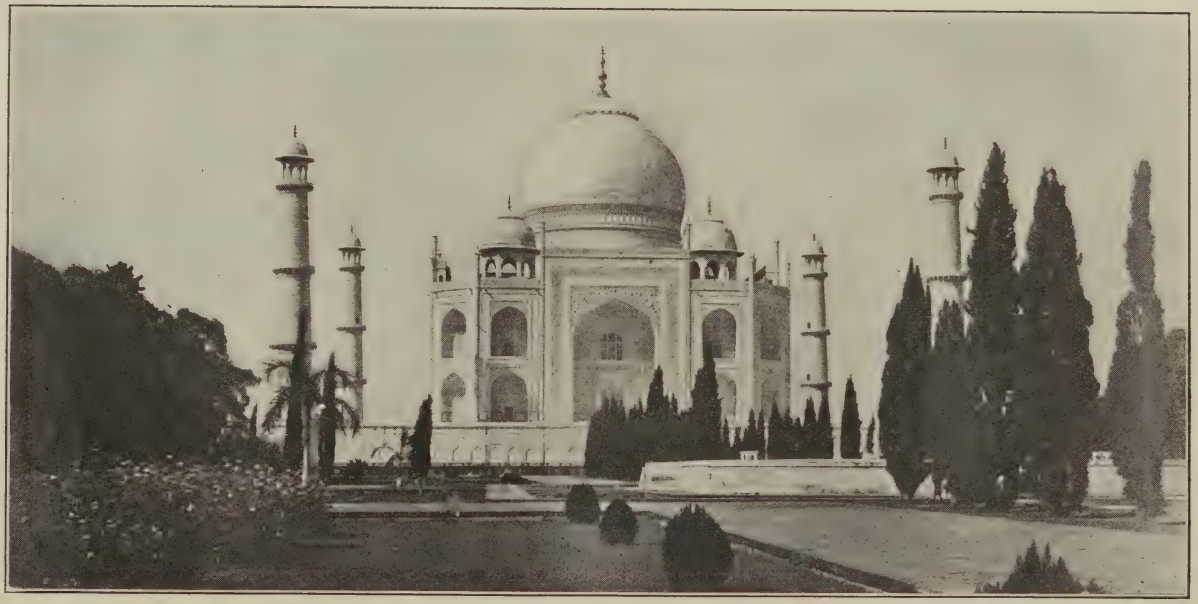
The early history of Agra, both ecclesiastical and civil, should be reviewed in order to appreciate its importance. In the cemetery are the graves of twenty-six missionaries who died in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Twenty-two of them were Jesuits. The earliest arrivals (a band of three) came in 1580 in response to the invitation of Akbar who, according to some was not only the greatest of Mogul Emperors, but the greatest monarch in the world.

Prominent among the names we read on the tombstones is that of the Blessed Rudolph Aquaviva, S.J.,

a relative of St. Francis Xavier. Like the Apostles of the Indies, he was endowed with the gift of miracles. A nephew of St. Francis, Jeronimo Xavier, in answer to a second call of the Great Mogul, was sent to the Court in 1595. Following in the footsteps of Fr. Aquaviva and his two companions, he, too, won the favor of the Emperor and made many converts. While Akbar himself was not converted, after his death, three princes were solemnly received into the Church. We stood also over the remains of Joseph Tiffenthaler, S.J., whose command of five European and four oriental languages as well as his scientific acquirements were remarkable in the history of missionary endeavor. The Carmelites also preached in Agra. In 1780, one of them converted the Begum Sumroo who, while she ruled as Queen of Sardhana, made handsome gifts to the Church. She even endowed a



DOING THE SIGHTS OF AGRA

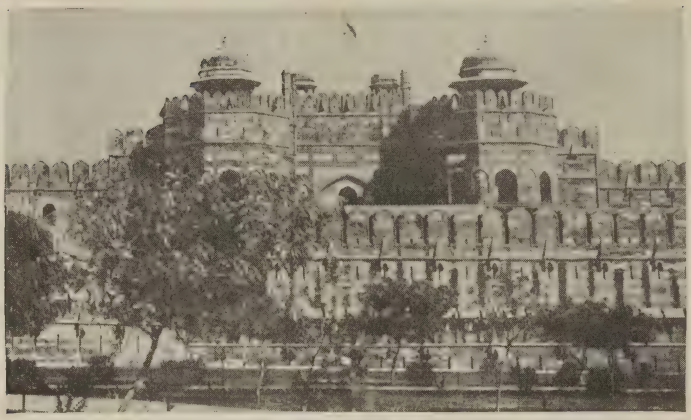


THE TAJ MAHAL, THE WORLD'S MOST NEARLY PERFECT BUILDING

seminary for native priests with a donation of 100,000 rupees.

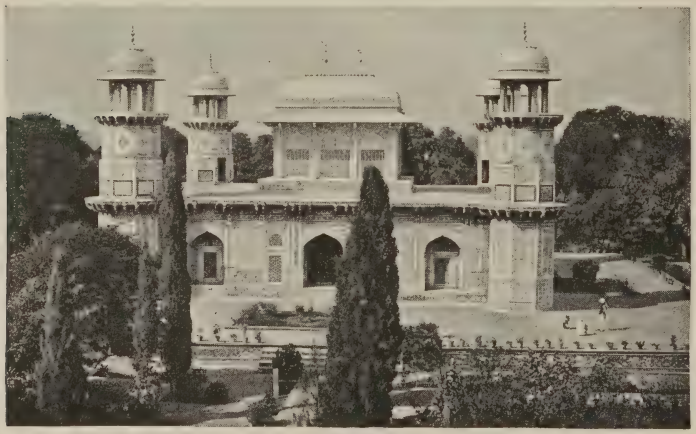
The Capuchins have been in Agra since 1820. In 1886, it was made an archdiocese. There are 36 European and 6 native priests looking after 27 churches and chapels, with 22 central stations and 29 outlying missions. In the educational institutions the Fathers are assisted by the Brothers of St. Patrick, the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, and the Sisters of St. Francis of Assisi. The first-named Sisters have 15 convents in the United States. They came to Agra in 1842. St. Peter's College for boys is in the compound. It has 160 students who are all boarders. As early as 1621, the Jesuits founded a college at Agra. According to the Catholic Directory, there are but 8,256 Catholics out of a pagan population of 29,000,000.

Here, in Agra, Mecca of world travelers, civil history is reflected in the splendor of its palaces and tombs, memories of the magnificence of its Mogul monarchs. The massive Fort and stately palace of Akbar, the beautiful Taj Mahal, built by Shah Jehan as a tomb for his favorite queen, the tomb of Itimad-ud-Daulah, second only to the Taj, and other palaces and tombs simply dazzle the visitor to this ancient seat of the Mogul dynasty. Granite, sandstone, marbles of every color, alabaster, jasper, lapis-lazuli, agate, onyx, ivory, precious metals and stones that beggar description were used lavishly in these truly regal structures. Time and expense meant nothing. Architects and artists were even brought from Europe. The Taj was twenty-two years in building, occupied 20,000 men, and cost $10,000,000.



THE AGRA FORT

We have not the time and space, nor is ours the pen to describe these triumphs of architecture. We feasted our eyes upon them, went away and returned to enjoy their grandeur, and when leaving Agra appreciated the position of those who rave over the



A MOGUL TOMB

architecture of India, claiming it far surpasses that of Europe. One traveler wrote of the Taj: "It is a delicately sculptured mountain of pure alabaster, supporting on its crest a sparkling dome, light as a radiant bubble, which might at any moment float away and vanish into air. It is the one completely faultless edifice that man has reared." The interior decorations are as marvelous as the exterior. Inlaid marbles, harmonious mosaics, graceful scrollwork, delicately carved screens that resemble lace, captivate and charm the eye. Within and without, this mausoleum, which contains the tombs of Shah Jehan and his wife, has been called a miracle of beauty and is generally conceded to be the most beautiful building in the world. Its perfect harmony, balanced proportions and simplicity, its jewel-like setting in a beautiful garden and the snow-white marble approach, all leave an impression not soon to be forgotten. The Fort, the Palace of Akbar, with its Pearl Mosque, and the Taj, make Agra, in the heart of the old Mogul Empire, the one city in all India that delights and satisfies the traveler.

From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

FLOWERS IN PRECIOUS STONES

CARRYING THE BODY TO THE RIVER

Since time did not permit us to visit Benares, on the Ganges, with its celebrated Bathing and Burning Ghats, we took advantage of our presence on the banks of the Jumna, one of the tributaries of the Sacred River, to witness that weird rite which immediately follows death in this land of strange ceremonies, the burning of the bodies at the river's edge. It was on a crisp morning in January. On our return from the Taj to the Compound, learning that we had not yet witnessed this strange way of disposing of the departed, our Capuchin guide directed

From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

DIPPING CORPSE IN THE SACRED RIVER

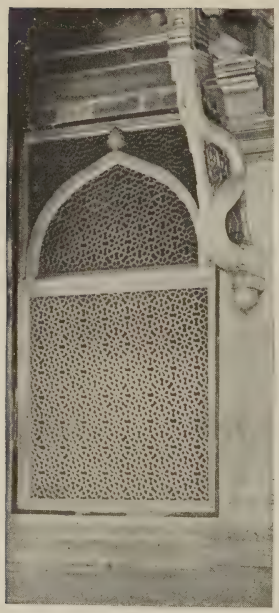
the driver of our carriage to the river bank. Never shall I forget the scene that followed.

The smoldering embers of several pyres were kept alive by a brisk wind; a new pile of wood had just been prepared, and the attendant told us that we should not have to wait long before the next corpse was brought on the scene. An uncomfortable, creepy feeling came over us, as we waited and watched a dozen or more huge turtles sunning themselves on the sloping, muddy bank. In about ten minutes we saw in the distance a motley crowd wending its way toward us. The body was suspended from a bamboo pole supported on the shoulders of two men. It was roughly dropped upon the ground beside the heap of crossed logs and then placed upon the pile.

From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

READY FOR THE FIRE

After a ceremony, which we could not see very well because of the close grouping of the mourners, the fire was started. We could see one of the mourners removing the jewelry from the fingers, toes, arms, and neck of the dead. We did not wait for



LACEWORK IN MARBLE *

the gathering of the ashes and their disposal. Probably they were thrown into the river; perhaps they were saved until some member of the bereaved family should make a pilgrimage to Benares, and cast them into the Ganges.

Hinduism to-day, like modern Protestantism, is divided into various sects. Feasts and fasts and abstinences differ according to the ritual of these various divisions. Countless gods and the form of worship given them, rules and rites and ceremonies vary in different parts of this mysterious land, with a fifth of the population of the globe within its confines. The manners and customs of the peoples and tribes of India, who differ from one another just as much as do the nations of the Near East and of Europe, determine the funeral ceremonies. Caste, too, that unfortunate social distinction, the curse of the country, settles many religious observances.

A Brahmin, for example, is not permitted to die on a bed. This superstition is based upon belief in metempsychosis. According to Brahmin teaching, the soul of the departed would be obliged to carry the bed along with it and thus burden each successive body into which it migrates. When two

* Plate from "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

Brahmins quarrel, a very common and much-feared curse is "May there be no one near you to put you on the ground before you die!" Immediately after death, the toes are bound and the thumbs are tied together with a piece of cloth. After a long ceremony, much bathing and purification, the chief mourner takes the head of the procession, carrying fire in an earthen vessel. Three stops are made on the way to the funeral pyre. At each stop the mouth of the dead person is opened and a few grains of moist, uncooked rice are placed in it. This is done not merely to satisfy hunger and thirst, but to make sure that the poor creature is dead. When the body is placed upon the crossed logs, the ceremony that takes place is too disgusting to describe.

A TYPE OF CART PECULIAR TO AGRA

MOHAMMEDANS AT PRAYER IN THE CHIEF MOSQUE AT AGRA

When the corpse has been consumed by the fire, there follow other elaborate rites, purifications and anointings with oil of the body of the chief mourner. These rites last for twelve days, the heir and chief mourner being the principal actor.

So kind, hospitable, and cheerful had our hosts been, that we should gladly have prolonged our stay at Agra, after seeing the mission and the monuments of the city. When the day's work was over we spent the evening (two in fact) in pleasant conversation. One of the young Fathers, a story-teller and a mimic, entertained us so well that many of his humorous anecdotes have been repeated to our friends at home. Although they lose much in the translation, they are still going the rounds. We were pleased when informed that there are Capuchins (from Belgium) in charge of Lahore, our next stop.

With "*a rivederci*," "*stiano bene*," "*buon viaggio*," and "*tante grazie per la visita*" from three of our Italian hosts ringing in our ears, the afternoon train rolled out of the Cantonment Station. The hope was expressed that their Belgian confrères would be equally gracious. We were not disappointed.

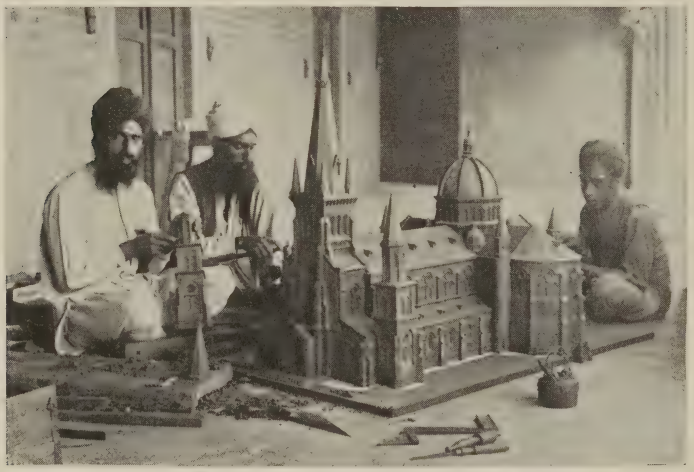
Chapter XIII

LAHORE

We had left one of the capitals of the Great Mogul, whose court was once the most magnificent in the world. For four hours we followed along the valley of the Jumna to the other. Delhi, like Agra, is built on the river. Amid extensive ruins, covering an area of forty-five square miles in and about this historic seat, are the remains of seven ancient cities built by different kings. Delhi has been made the capital of British India. The Government has been functioning in a temporary city and has been building another modern one for a dozen years. We were but a few hours in proud Delhi, whose importance dates from the Mohammedan conquest of 1193. In fact, it was for us merely a changing point. In keeping with our plan to economize time, we took a night train which brought us to Lahore at eight o'clock on Sunday morning.

BISHOP EESTERMANS

Bishop Eestermans was awaiting our arrival. This courtesy was not expected, for His Lordship is well advanced in years and has presided over this diocese for twenty of them. In a "gig," drawn by a well-groomed, frisky horse, we made the mission compound in double-quick time. It was a clear,

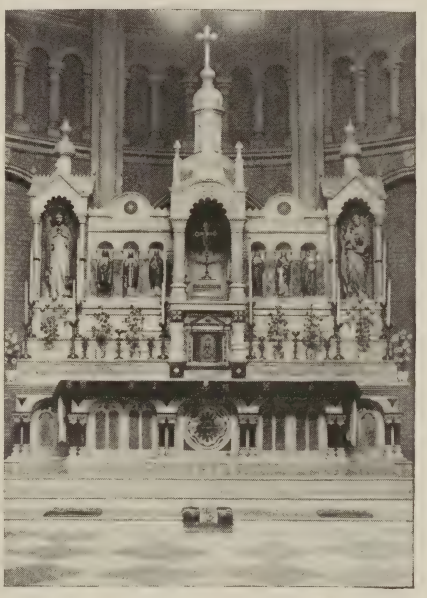


MODEL OF LAHORE CATHEDRAL FOR VATICAN EXHIBITION

cool morning, and the few people on the streets were hurrying along with a pep that reminded us of the Western world. Vestments and altars were prepared for our Masses in the stately Romanesque and Byzantine Cathedral, the most imposing in all India. After breakfast, we returned to see the beautiful church and were impressed with the large Anglo-Indian congregation at the High Mass.

In pagan lands, where false gods have been honored by such magnificent temples, I am told the natives sometimes ask the missionary: "Why is it

that, if your God is as great as ours, you do not build Him a costly home? You say He is King of heaven and earth, yet even our earthly rulers live in more stately structures and are surrounded by more splendor than your Supreme Ruler." The answer of the average poor missionary is known to us — lack of means. But here in Lahore, as in Canton, China, the Catholic priest can point to a House of God that is better than many American cathedrals and the equal of some in Europe. The Easterner is impressed with fine churches, but few dioceses have been as fortunate in receiving princely gifts from European benefactors as the two mentioned above.



HIGH ALTAR, LAHORE CATHEDRAL

Of the 29,000 Catholics in this diocese, which comprises most of the Punjab (population 15,000,000), 25,000 are natives. The contrast between this flourishing mission and the missions of Patna and Agra was refreshing. In 1922 the diocese of Lahore recorded the baptism of 1,492 adult heathens, 407 heathen children, and 1,148 children of Catholic

parents, an increase of over 3,000 souls. These Belgian Capuchins have doubled their congregations in the past twenty years. This is particularly encouraging in view of the fact that the progress of the Faith in most missions in the north has not kept pace with its growth in the south. For example, in

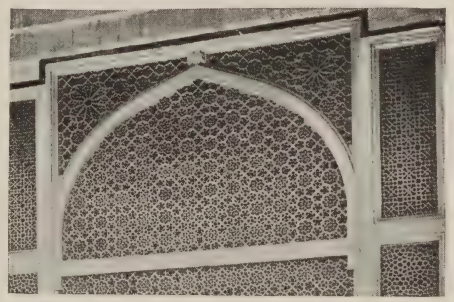
BISHOP EESTERMANS AND HIS CAPUCHIN STAFF

the neighboring United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, with a population of almost 50,000,000, we find but one Catholic in every 4,000 souls; in Bengal, the most densely peopled province in India, with a population a little less than that of the United Provinces, the Catholics are one in every 1,000; while in Travancore, in the extreme south, one-eighth of the population is Catholic.

The majority of the Indian Catholics, 1,500,000 out of 2,600,000, live in the thirteen dioceses and vicariates of the south, which comprise only one-twelfth of the country. The remaining twenty-four dioceses, covering eleven-twelfths of India, claim a

little over 1,000,000 souls. These figures include the catechumens, who have multiplied most rapidly in the dioceses of Calcutta (Chota Nagpur District, Belgian Jesuits), Hyderabad (Milan Fathers), and Lahore. By catechumens we mean those who are under instruction and are likely to persevere.

It is unfortunate that we cannot report a multiplication of missionaries proportionate to conversions. During the last decade the Church has increased thirteen per cent. in India and Ceylon, but the clergy have shown a growth of only nine per cent. In India, unlike other pagan countries, the foreign priests are in the minority. They are about two-fifths of the total of 3,200. There has been no increase in the foreign clergy during the past ten years, while the native priests have grown fifteen per cent.



From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"
MARBLE GRATING

This should be noted by our readers, for they can play a very important part in supplying the need of priests in India. Rome has recently instituted a splendid Pious Work called the Society of St. Peter the Apostle, for gathering funds to educate native priests in Asia, Africa and our numerous island missions. There are thousands of Catholic homes that

have not been blessed by a vocation to the priesthood. Prompted by a desire to do for souls through others what they would have been pleased to accomplish through their own boys, many Catholic parents have adopted worthy young men in the missions and paid for their education. A large number of single men and women, too, have grasped this excellent opportunity of investing their savings in apostolic work. The amount required ($100 a year for six years) is not a great burden on these kind benefactors. Only God knows how much good is thus accomplished. The writer can assure the prospective donors that there is no measuring the satisfaction which will be theirs when their protégés are ordained, for he has seen many generous souls shed tears of joy upon receiving the photographs of native priests ordained through their charity. Under the patronage of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, in the diocese of Boston, there are 385 friends of the missions who have adopted native seminarists in Japan, Corea, China, Indo-China, India, and Africa. Of these zealous young students, 130 are now ordained and working for the conversion of

THE MOTHER OF A NATIVE BISHOP AND TWO PRIESTS

their countrymen. Eleven of the priests and thirty of the students are in India.

The boys' schools in Lahore are conducted by the Brothers of St. Patrick, from Ireland, and by the

FRANCISCAN TERTIARIES

Tertiary Brothers of St. Francis of Assisi. There are three Congregations of European Sisters teaching the girls: the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, the Sisters of Charity, and the Franciscan Sisters of the Propagation of the Faith. A Novitiate for Native Sisters (Franciscan Tertiaries) was opened in 1922 and has eighteen professed Sisters. The Sisters of Jesus and Mary have American foundations in New York; Providence, R. I.; Woonsocket, R. I.; Fall River, Mass.; Manchester, N. H.; and several houses in Canada. In the Lahore Community there is one American from Philadelphia.

Emerging from the recollections of my mission tour, one stands out against the others. It was in Lahore, where I had the most trying experience of the entire trip. A woman's visiting card was sent to my room. Since the name was not familiar, I

went to His Lordship and asked him who she was. "Oh, that is the sister of the Superior of our Convent. It was she who nursed your brother Henry, during his last illness." It will be recalled that Henry, a Jesuit Scholastic, died of the flu in Karachi. Lahore is over twenty-six hours' ride from Karachi, and naturally I did not expect to meet this good soul so soon. I was glad when the visit was over, much as I appreciated the kindness and careful attention my poor brother had received at the hands of my visitor.

HENRY IN AN OUTLYING MISSION

Chapter XIV

KARACHI

From Lahore to Karachi we varied the schedule by taking a day train. It was an agreeable change, but the distance called for a night ride, too. So we really just reversed the order, leaving at 8:40 A.M. and arriving a little after 10 the following morning. As we have remarked once before, our hopes that the Belgian Capuchins of Lahore would live up to the standard of hospitality set by their Italian confrères at Agra had been fully realized.

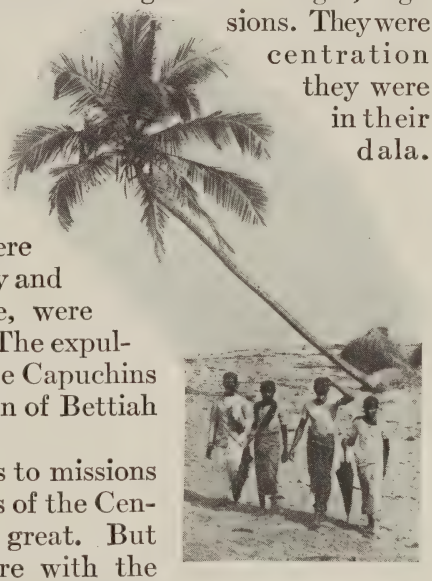
After bidding our hosts good-bye, I counted the different Orders, Congregations, and Societies with whom I had stayed since my arrival at Yokohama. There were fifteen, and in some cases it was my good fortune to meet Communities of the same Order from two or three different European countries. In the case of the Jesuits, I had been with Germans in Japan, French in China, Belgians in Ceylon, French, Belgians and Americans thus far in India. I do not know what to call the

members of the Society in the diocese of Bombay, for which we were now bound. Poor Bombay! How it suffered during the war! But let us first look at the early history of this mission.

It was started by the Oratorians in 1637. The first bishop was a converted Brahmin, who made his studies at the Propaganda University in Rome. A relative, also a Roman student, followed him. There was a third Oratorian bishop, an Italian. Then came the Carmelites from Persia in 1696 with a succession of twelve bishops. From 1850 to 1856 Bombay was administered by the Capuchins under Bishop Hartmann, who tried so hard to stamp out the Goanese Schism. It was he who founded the much quoted Bombay Examiner (1850), to refute the horrible calumnies spread by the schismatics against Rome. For about seventy years the Jesuits have had charge of this mission. At the time of the establishment of the Indian Hierarchy in 1886 it was made a Metropolitan See. Its first archbishop was an Englishman, the Most Rev. George Porter, S.J., D.D.

Soon after the beginning of the war, over half of the German Jesuits were obliged to leave their posts, because of their nationality. Although other members of the Society, the Belgians in Calcutta, the

French in Trichinopoly, and the Italians in Bangalore, were doing excellent work, especially in their large colleges, their German confrères had to practically abandon their well-organized colleges, high schools, and missions. They were first sent to concentration camps. Later they were merely interned in their own villa at Khandala. Finally they were deported. Other missionaries who were natives of Germany and Austria, of course, were similarly treated. The expulsion of the Tyrolese Capuchins crippled the mission of Bettiah very seriously.



The financial loss to missions manned by citizens of the Central Powers was great. But it did not compare with the embarrassment resulting from loss of personnel. In the diocese of Bombay, the large college, schools and flourishing missions required 165 priests and scholastics before the war. At the end of 1915, there were only 60 left. There was but one remedy — missionaries of nationalities acceptable to the Government. The Archbishop, the Most Rev. Hermann Jurgens, S.J., D.D., aged and broken-hearted at the threatened ruin of a work that had cost him and his missionaries untold sacrifices, appealed to the bishops of India and to the

English-speaking Provinces of the Society of Jesus. The Most Rev. Brice Meuleman, S.J., D.D., Archbishop of Calcutta, answered this cry for help with seven men, and sent five more to the similarly disabled Prefecture Apostolic of Assam, from which the Fathers of the Divine Saviour had been driven out; from the German Province of the Society of Jesus came five recruits who were not Germans; the English Province gave a few priests; and eight Fathers and two scholastics were sent from the New York-Maryland Province. Many American Jesuits volunteered, but only those ten could be spared. One of the scholastics was my brother. He spent two years at St. Mary's High School, in Mazagon, Bombay, and six months at St. Patrick's High School, Karachi, our first stop in the diocese of Bombay.

ST. MARY'S HIGH SCHOOL, MAZAGON

These were trying times for the venerable Archbishop of Bombay. He saw his spiritual children

utterly neglected. Parishes were deprived of shepherds who had given their love, their strength, their very lives to feed the lambs of the flock. None could be found to take their places. The blow was too

ST. PATRICK'S HIGH SCHOOL, KARACHI

much for His Grace. In September, 1916, just two years after he learned that his priests were to be imprisoned, he breathed his last, mourned by pagans and Protestants as well as by the Catholics of his flourishing diocese.

The subsequent history of Bombay and its Suffragan See, Poona, is known to most of our readers. The Holy See placed both in the care of the American Jesuits of the New York-Maryland Province. A band of twenty-seven (priests and scholastics) was chosen from a large number of volunteers, but they

THE GOAL OF OUR PILGRIMAGE, HENRY'S GRAVE IN KARACHI

were unable to secure passports. After a year's suspense, it was decided to send Spanish members of the Society from the Aragon Province, who were in the Philippines, and to fill their places in our insular possessions by Americans. This meant, besides other inconveniences, that both groups must learn new languages before they could become really efficient in their respective fields. But it was all in the Providence of God, and is in keeping with the past history of many missions. The progress of the Faith is often dependent upon political conditions. The favor or oppression of governments may make or break a spiritual project, no matter how much is at stake. Persecution will ever be the lot of the Church, but the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.

It is now clear why I do not know what to call the Jesuits of the diocese of Bombay. The Archbishop, Msgr. Goodier, is English. Some of the older Germans, who were not repatriated, have remained. There are a few Alsatians, Luxemburgers and Swiss. One American missionary is still in the city. The Spaniards have taken possession, but there is a rumor that the Germans may return.

The letter to the Rev. J. J. Meyer, S.J., Superior of Karachi, announcing our arrival, was late; in fact, it came on our train. At the station we got two gharries, one for ourselves and the other for our baggage, and in fifteen minutes we were in the compound. A young Goanese priest, Fr. Pereira, called the Superior, who was in the school, and a very warm welcome was given us. Fr. Meyer was at St. Mary's, Mazagon, during my brother's time. He spoke with evident feeling of Henry's work, of his influence

HIS INDIAN BOY FRIENDS

over the boys, of his brave battle with the flu, and of his death. We were shown an enlarged picture of Henry, and were taken into his room. Before lunch a visit was made to St. Patrick's High School, where he taught, and in the early afternoon we went to the well-kept cemetery to say a prayer over his remains. At Agra, Fr. Tom very thoughtfully purchased two tiny alabaster boxes. These he filled with earth from the grave. One was for my sister, the other for myself. When he gave them to me, my thoughts were of another, of her who had so cheerfully given her boy, the youngest of ten, to this far-off Indian mission. We took some pictures of the stone which bears his name and the dates of his birth, entry into the Society of Jesus, arrival in India, and death. It reads as follows:

Henricus P. McGlinchey, Schol. S.J.

Natus	Aug. 18, 1888
Ingressus	Sept. 19, 1908
Adventus	Mar. 9, 1916
Obitus	Sept. 29, 1918

R. I. P.

It will be noted that he was a little over ten years in the Society. The scholastic year 1913–1914 was spent at the University of Innsbruck. During the summer of 1914, after I had been three years Dio-

HENRY AT INNSBRUCK

cesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Boston, His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, sent me to Europe to study foreign mission seminaries. The Provincial of Austria, the Very Rev. Fr. Wimmer, S.J., very kindly permitted Henry to accompany me. He showed an enthusiasm for mission work that I felt was extraordinary. We were in Paris the day war was declared and, of course, he could not return to Austria. As soon as he met his American Provincial, the Very Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., in the United States, he expressed a desire to be sent to the missions. The opportunity presented itself two years later, as explained above. His brief career in the field, his

letters from Bombay and Karachi, the comments on his work by his Superiors in both places have proven a great stimulus to me in my work.

The following letter written by Fr. Boswin, S.J., Superior of Karachi, to the Very Rev. Superior of

ON THE MISSION TRAIL

the Bombay Mission, was one of the most consoling received.

On February 2nd, this year, after many months of fervent prayer to God for efficient teachers, Heaven finally heard our request in sending us Fr.[1] H. P. McGlinchey. I little thought that in six short months my report on the dear scholastic would have to be made in the words: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

In these six months Fr. McGlinchey looked after the sports and games of the school, did daily three hours of

[1] Scholastics are called Father in this mission.

teaching in Latin and English in the upper classes, besides helping out in an evening school, and was my right hand as Assistant Prefect of Studies. In a remarkably short time, by his vigorous yet kindly and sympathetic personality, he raised the tone of the whole school in class and playground. The more I realize what a valuable help he was to me, the more I anticipate the unavoidable consequences of his untimely withdrawal from the scene.

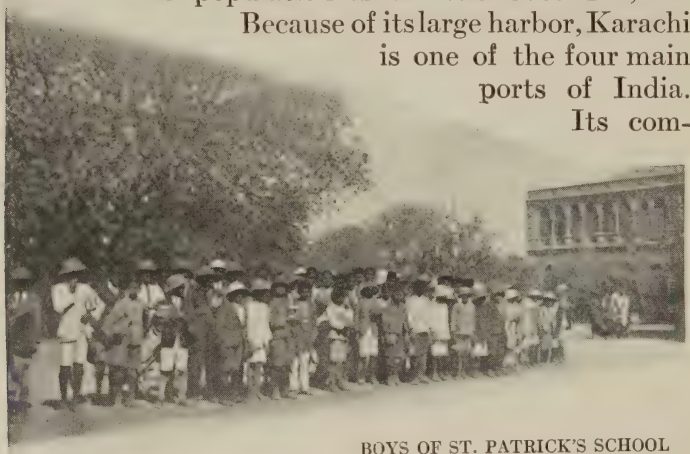
IN TOUCH WITH NATIVE CONVERTS

Outside the school, also, he showed an extraordinary apostolic spirit in the practical interest he took in everything that concerned our pagan missions. Both here and in Bombay he used every opportunity of visiting the various mission stations, far and near, and of bringing them very substantial pecuniary aid through the apostolic munificence of his brother, the Rev. Dr. Joseph F. McGlinchey, Director of the Propagation of the Faith, of Boston. To come personally in touch with the native converts and neophytes, he had already acquired a working knowledge of the Hindustani language. And while distributing missionary literature among the classes of the faithful whom he could reach, he himself was busy in gathering information from various sources for eventual publication and communication to the missionary societies of the States.

In community life he was the soul of our recreation hours and largely helped to keep up in our midst a spirit of cheerfulness, hilarity, and mutual trust and helpfulness. His piety was solid and unostentatious, and he gave evidence that he possessed the true spirit of obedience of a son of St. Ignatius.

All this gives us the assurance that he appeared before his Eternal Judge with many merits, and we are confident that the many prayers and sacrifices that are being offered up here for him will hasten the hour when he will enter into his eternal reward in Heaven.

Karachi is on the Arabian Sea, just north of the delta of the Indus, one of the seven sacred rivers of India. It is about 600 miles northwest of Bombay. The population is a little over 150,000. Because of its large harbor, Karachi is one of the four main ports of India. Its commercial relation to Bombay, the great western gateway, is about the same as that of Rangoon to Calcutta, in the East. The mission is well established and is self-supporting. Fr. Meyer has four assistants and there are seventeen Sisters in the compound. Karachi reminds one of a flourishing parish at home. The educational facilities are even better than in many of our strongly Catholic districts. St. Patrick's High School has 560 day



BOYS OF ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL

scholars, bright, well-trained and well-dressed boys, who would compare favorably with those of an American city. In St. Joseph's Convent School and Normal School for girls, conducted by the Daughters of the Cross, there is an enrollment of 530 day pupils and 60 boarders. Both buildings are modern and up-to-date in every way. These Sisters have a larger boarding school in Bombay; and in Bandra, ten miles north of Bombay, they direct the largest school for girls in India.

SCHOOL CART, KARACHI

Our impressions of Karachi were most favorable. While we were there, two distinguished Jesuits arrived, the Very Rev. L. Bertran, S.J., who is Vicar General of the diocese and Superior of the forty odd members of the Society from the Aragon Province, and the Rev. José Algué, who since 1897 has been in charge of the celebrated Manila Observatory. I had met Fr. Algué in Hongkong, China, a few months previous. He is best known as the inventor of the barocyclonometer, with which all first-class ships are equipped, and as the author of "El Archipielago Filipino," a colossal work printed in Washington by the United States Government. The instrument with the long name is of great meteorological importance and has saved countless lives.

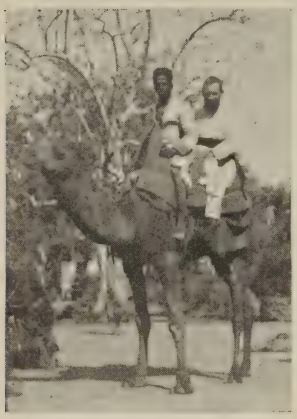
It is a dry barometer, for use with diagrams and printed directions to determine the existence, course, and movement of a violent storm at a distance of several hundred miles. The Jesuit Director of the Zikawei Observatory showed me one in operation on the occasion of my visit to that wonderful group of buildings a few miles from Shanghai, China.

It was our good fortune to be in Karachi on the day of the altar boys' semi-annual outing to Magar Pir, twelve miles from the city, and we were invited to go along. The other two visitors joined the party. Fr. Meyer was in charge. Autos were provided for the priests and the boys piled into a big truck. As the road is good, we made it in about an hour. Besides the pleasure of seeing the forty boys having a good time, of studying them and admiring their good behavior, we had an opportunity of visiting a leper asylum and of taking a swim in a hot spring bath (which, by the way, we declined after watching a few greasy Mohammedans emerge from the tank). But the real sight for us was a Crocodile Shrine. At the edge of a dense grove, in a walled swamp, supplied with water from the spring, were

some eighty of these long-tailed, thick-skinned, aquatic reptiles. To the Mohammedans they are sacred. The custodians make a good living by killing goats and feeding them to the crocodiles to amuse visitors. In the midst of the grove is an ancient temple. The whole setting was perfect for an oriental story. We snapped some pictures of the reptiles as they wallowed about in the muddy water, but the shadows from the trees spoiled them.

On the way back to Karachi, my thoughts naturally were of my brother, who had made this very trip only ten days before he died. In fact, he complained of cold and fever upon his return to the mission compound. Some of these same altar boys he had taught to serve Mass, instructed in school, and directed in their recreation. I recalled his letters, describing their cricket games and other sports, especially baseball, which to them was such a novelty. "If he were only here now," I said to myself, "how much more I should enjoy my visit to Karachi!"

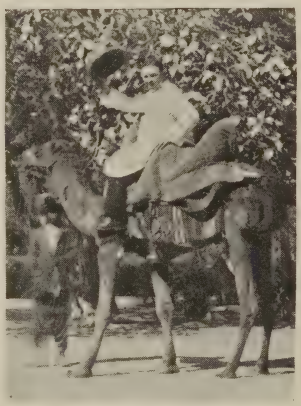
Fr. Meyer invited me to say the parish Mass at 7:30 the following morning. Need I mention my intention? It was for the happy, enthusiastic, energetic young scholastic who, two days before



MICHAEL AND FR. TOM

he was taken to the hospital, received Our Lord at this very altar.

The rest can be told better by quoting from a letter of the Rev. Edward Farrell, S.J. It shows the human side of the missionary, the devotion of his flock, the loyalty of one missionary to another, and is published for a purpose. It is a mistake to think that those who go to the missions are devoid of human attachments. Friendships are much stronger there than here. Moreover, they love their parents even more than we stay-at-homes. Read the life of Theophane Venard; his letters to his sister Melanie manifest an affection that has made thousands love the missions. This excerpt from Fr. Farrell's letter is printed with the hope that the cause for which I have been privileged to labor for the past fourteen years, and for which my brother died, may gain new friends. The missions need more friends, more money, more prayers, more young lives such as his. If this simple travelogue, presented in a plain, homely



THE TRAVELER

way, gains even one generous-hearted recruit for the Mission Cause, I shall feel amply repaid.

I do not think he had a premonition of his death, wrote Fr. Farrell, but before leaving for the hospital he said to me, "Don't you think I'd better make my confession, so

as to be sure?" "All right," said I, and sat down on the bed. He made a general confession, and it was not hard, for he had previously told me everything that had ever happened to him. There was no worry, no fear. "If I cannot die a martyr for the Faith, I can die a martyr in the Faith," he said to me, after absolution. I had to make arrangements for a funeral then and go to the cemetery. Just as I was leaving, he called me and said, "Give me two rupees, I want to give one to Kasiram (a

Hindoo servant) and one to Hippolyte." The Superior had put Henry in charge of the material direction of our little house, and he was thinking of the servants who had been kind to him.

Friday morning, Fr. Barrett came back from the hospital and told me that I had better anoint Henry. I went right away to the hospital and told him that I had brought him Holy Communion. After he had received, I said that as he was getting no better I was going to anoint him for safety's sake. I had promised him at the start I would tell him just how bad he was. Often in our former talks we had settled that we wanted to be told if there were danger of death, and we had made mutual promises to take care of each other if ever we got sick out here in India. He was perfectly conscious and answered all the prayers. I gave him the plenary indulgence and then he kissed his Vow Crucifix (which I shall bring back with me for your dear mother, as you know there is a plenary indulgence on our Vow Crucifixes for everyone).

All day Friday he kept about the same. I went home for dinner, relieved by Fr. Barrett, came back and stayed there all night within fifteen feet of Henry. I had begged the doctor to come back and look at him at night. He did, and said everything possible was being done. I said Mass early Saturday, getting down to the hospital about seven to let Fr. Barrett go back for Mass. About ten o'clock Saturday morning I began to lose hope. I begged Henry to pray his hardest to Our Lord's Sacred Heart. I told him he was getting worse and asked him if he were willing to go if Our Lord wanted him. "O yes, I am willing; but — am I really going to die?" he asked. "I don't know, Henry, but the odds are against you. We will do all we can for you, but you must be ready. Our Lord may wish this sacrifice of you, but it seems to me as though He might like to use all

your knowledge of India in America for the good of the missions. Just put your trust in Him, Henry, for He knows best." "I am ready, God's will be done!" he answered.

He fell asleep again soon after this; then became delirious and thought his mother was at his bedside. His breathing was a little easier. Fr. Barrett left about 5 P.M., and came back about eight. I went back to the house, wrote all the announcements for Sunday and got back to the hospital about 11:45, intending to stay for a little while. When I got there, Henry looked as though he were dying. The nurses said he was conscious. At first we spoke softly and then tried raising our voices and speaking into his ear. We could get no response but the nurses felt sure that he heard all our prayers and ejaculations. We gave him oxygen at intervals and a little brandy; we had been using Lourdes water and St. Ignatius water all along; then we said all the prayers, whispering them into his ear, and at last — at 4:30 A.M., Sunday, September 29 (St. Michael's feast day), a few short breaths and — Henry was with God!

I had kept the motor waiting at the hospital and in a quarter of an hour we were back at the house. Poor old Fr. Boswin, how sad the news made him! He planned to have the funeral on Monday morning. I went back to my room, wrote the notice in the book, and then threw myself on the bed. I was to say the 8:30 Mass and I began to be afraid I might break down. All through these days we had kept up well, but the loss of a loved one, like Henry, when it comes, makes one fear that he may not hold out.

During the course of the morning it was decided that Sunday afternoon was the best time for the funeral. At the last Mass I told the people we should have the funeral in the afternoon, and the Mass on Monday morning. Boys were sent around the whole parish, to tell those

who were at the early Mass of the change; we had the Office of the Dead at 5:20 P.M. If Henry had been a cardinal, the services could not have been more solemn, nor more impressive. The Goans (this parish is made up mainly of them) are a musical race; they know the music of the Office of the Dead and they sing it beautifully. Henry's body had lain in state in the church since the last Mass; everybody came to see Fr. McGlinchey for the last time.

At five o'clock the church was crowded, as it has seldom been. The compound (the space outside the church) was also filled; the men's sodality carried Henry's body to the cemetery, about half a mile away. Everybody walked; Fr. Boswin read the prayers with Fr. Barrett and three other priests beside myself attending him. We all managed to keep up well. A body of native soldiers served as military escort, and the whole parish came out to do honor to the American Jesuit, who was genuinely loved by all, and who had become well known though he had been here only since last February. About a dozen beautiful wreaths were placed on his casket by friends whom he had made, and who thought he was wonderful.

Monday morning we had the Solemn Requiem Mass. For the sake of the people, Fr. Boswin thought that Solemn Mass was better. Fr. Boswin was celebrant, Fr. Farrell, deacon, Fr. Barrett, sub-deacon, and Fr. Pereira, master of ceremonies. Once again the big church was filled, and a great many received Communion. On the seventh day we had a High Mass of Requiem; on the thirtieth day and again on the thirty-second we had Solemn Requiems, and every day during October someone has said prayers at his grave, while requests for Masses for the repose of his soul come to me very often.

Only when I get home shall I be able to tell you all

about your dear brother. He did extraordinary work here. I met him at the dock the day he landed in Bombay and was his older brother until he left to come to Karachi. I went with him for some miles on the train when he was leaving. In February he arrived at Karachi, and I joined him in June. Indeed, we became like real brothers; he told me so much of you and of all the members of his family, especially his good mother, (how affectionately he used to speak of her) that I felt I was almost one of you.

Let me not forget to remark that while most of the Catholics in Karachi are Goans, there are some Europeans and descendants of Europeans. These are mainly Government employees and soldiers. One morning after Mass, a Mrs. Lauder, the wife of the Treasurer of the Sind Province, of which Karachi is the chief town, came into the sacristy and invited us to afternoon tea. Since I left China this was the first social visit on my calendar, and it was a very profitable one indeed, profitable because it gave us a chance to get the white man's viewpoint on things Indian, and particularly on the character, temperament, and social life of the Hindus.

Mr. Lauder, whose father was also in the service, was born in India of Irish parents, while Mrs. Lauder is a native of Ireland. Mr. Lauder has a brother in the Society of Jesus whom we had met about ten days before at Ranchi in the Chota Nagpur, where he was making his tertianship.

Among the phases of Indian life upon which Mr. Lauder shed many sidelights, is the caste system. It is a unique characteristic of Hindu civilization, the foundation of the social life of India. Most

AN OUTCASTE

Europeans and many cultured Hindus look upon it as the greatest obstacle to progress, a generator of disunion and discord, a hindrance to education, and the cause of physical degeneration on account of confining marriage to narrow circles. Some even call it the curse of the land, the suicide of the nation. There are others, and among them the Abbé Dubois, a Catholic missionary, one of the most celebrated authorities on Hindu Sociology, who hold the opposite view. Dubois' "Hindu Manners, Customs, and Ceremonies," I am told, is the first book recommended to British Government servants upon their arrival in India.

The opinion of Fr. Dubois is expressed in the following quotation from his writings: "I believe caste distinction to be in many respects the *chef d'œuvre*, the happiest effort, of Hindu legislation. I am persuaded that it is due solely to the distribution of the people into castes that India did not lapse into a state of barbarism, and that she preserved and perfected the arts and sciences of civilization, while almost all the other nations of the earth remained

in an uncivilized state. I do not consider caste to be free from many great drawbacks; but I believe that the resulting advantages, in the case of a nation constituted like the Hindus, more than outweigh the resulting evils."

It is difficult for an Occidental to appreciate how deep is the chasm between those of different castes or between the caste and non-caste Hindu, what little regard one has for the other, how positively merciless the superior can be toward the inferior, and vice versa. This is illustrated by an incident narrated by our host.

During the examination of spectators who had seen a poor fellow throw himself from a roof, the star witness was catechized and gave testimony as follows:

"Do you know positively that Mr. —— jumped to the ground?"

"Yes."

"How can you vouch for it?"

"I saw him."

"Were you on the roof?"

"Yes."

"How near were you to the man?"

"Right beside him."

"Could you touch him?"

"Yes, easily."

"Could you have held him back?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why did you not do so?"

CASTE-BOYS

IF AN OUTCASTE GETS A DRINK OF WATER FROM A CASTE-MAN, HE MAY NOT TOUCH THE DRINKING VESSEL

"Why should I? He was not of my caste."

This seems incredible, but it is a court record and often cited to show how far the hatred engendered by the system can go.

Caste distinction is not religious, but social. Conversion to Christianity does not eliminate it, and I am sorry to say that it sometimes works havoc even in Catholic communities. A few instances of caste troubles in our missions came to my attention. One case was particularly sad, for it resulted in several otherwise good boys picking up their belongings and leaving a catechists' school which was going along smoothly until the zealous missionary in charge tried to place caste and non-caste students near each other in church. The fusion of caste and non-caste people is more difficult to achieve than the mixing of persons of different castes.

Recently, in the diocese of Trichinopoly in the Madras Presidency, in charge of the French Jesuits, there was a disturbance between the caste and non-caste Catholics. Non-caste people were formerly known as pariahs, but are now called panchamas. A word of explanation will settle their social position. There are four main classes, each one subdivided into almost countless categories: The first three (Brahmins or priests, rajahs and soldiers, land owners and merchants) are high castes; the fourth, the Sudras or cultivators, are low castes. The panchamas form the fifth class. They are the outcastes, the untouchables, and in the Tamil tongue, spoken in the Madras Presidency, where they number 7,000,000 (one-sixth of the population), they are called Adi-Dravidas, original Dravidians.

The Trichy trouble has been brewing for a long time. It is a cause of much anxiety to the Bishop and his missionaries. There is no telling what may come of it. So serious a turn has the whole affair taken that His Lordship was obliged to use severe

THE BARBER CASTE

measures, even excommunication of the leaders, in an endeavor to bring about peace. The quarrel seems to have originated with the caste Catholics, who claim that their privileges have been encroached upon. It may surprise our readers to learn that even in church there is sometimes a separation between castes and non-castes, and that

the former approach the Communion rail before the latter.

The steadfastness with which the castes, especially those of low caste, demand their rights, and resent the slightest infringement upon them is almost unintelligible to the Western mind. It reminds one of the men and women of limited income, who, by their dress and manner, want the world to know that they have some money, or of the *nouveaux riches*, who would have us think they had been born and raised in the lap of luxury; while those who have fabulous incomes often dress very simply, and those whose families have been wealthy for generations may act and live as modestly as if they had little or nothing. In a word, those of low or little caste are apt to be more overbearing in their dealings with non-castes than are the high castes.

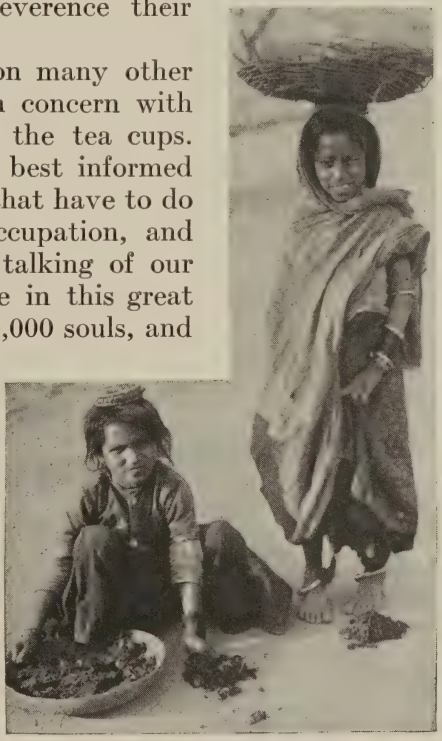
A CASTE CATECHIST

The matters that are considered violations of caste and cause endless complaint are amusing to us. For example, in the Trichy case, one of the charges made referred to the administration of Confirmation by beginning at the non-caste side; and another to the procession of all the children through the Church at the same time although there was actually a division made between caste and non-caste children. To oblige the caste and non-caste children to sit near each other would be out of the question.

ONE OF THE TRICHINOPOLY CHURCHES

The trouble, of course, was started by a few agitators, who were not practical Catholics. They succeeded in boycotting two churches, the Cathedral and the Holy Redeemer Church. By threats and violence they intimidated the non-caste Catholics. By misrepresentation, exaggeration, and positive falsehoods, they blamed the whole affair upon the missionaries. But the great mass of Catholics attended other Catholic churches in the vicinity, for they trust and reverence their priests.

We touched upon many other matters of Indian concern with Mr. Lauder, over the tea cups. As a rule, one is best informed about the things that have to do with one's own occupation, and most of us enjoy talking of our work. British rule in this great country of 300,000,000 souls, and the Civil Service, in which our host is employed, came in for more than a passing mention. From reading and conversation with others, I had learned of the change in policy of the Government of India



THE SCAVENGER CASTE

towards the employment of native officials in that vast system which keeps in control one-fifth of the world's population. I had heard that because of this new and more favorable attitude toward native employees there is a great contrast between the modern British recruits in the Indian service and those who went to the country fifty, thirty, and even ten years ago. This point was discussed without reservation. The reason for the change in the character of the white personnel of the Government is clear.

A GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE

Before the present unrest which, while its exterior manifestations are greatly exaggerated in the European and American press, surely does exist, almost all of the important offices were filled by Englishmen. Certainly the best berths were occupied by the white man. These positions carried good salaries. Advancement in the service was open to those who were capable. At stated intervals, a generous leave of absence was granted. Transfers to the home service and good pensions were offered as a stimulus to remain for a long period in the colonial service. But now, because of changed political conditions, the natives who

are qualified (and they are many) have a far better chance of occupying the higher posts. In fact, their representation in the various branches of the Government is growing so rapidly, and the added opportunities for advancement are so numerous, that there is far less incentive for an Englishman to enter the Indian service. I was told that in times gone by, among the applicants for colonial service, were a large number of honor men from Oxford and Cambridge. But now, with the possibility of working for years under a native, and the prospect of a native being advanced to positions of trust, authority, and honor, on an equal footing with other competitors, the Indian service is far less enticing.

BISHOP ROCHE
First Indian Bishop of the Latin Rite

In the Church, too, though for a far different reason, the natives are about to occupy the higher offices. There are already almost 2,000 native priests in India (their number is increasing each year), and the first Indian bishop of the Latin Rite was consecrated a year ago. I could not help noting the contrast between the reaction upon the European recruits for the missions and upon the civil servants. Surely there will be no difference in the

A TELUGU PRIEST

caliber of the volunteers for the foreign mission fields because Rome feels the time is ripe for the establishment of a native hierarchy in India and China! If there is any man who is devoid of sordid ambition, it is the foreign missionary. Where will one find a more perfect example of self-effacement? Ambitious he is, of course; but not for honors or power or position. He has joined the army of Christ, and chosen the foreign service not for personal gain in this world, but to win souls for the Master. Herein lies his ambition. It is insatiable; he is willing to die for it, but that others may live.

And how different is the reason for Rome's ruling in the matter of increasing the number of native priests! As we have already seen, the ultimate solution of the mission problem is a native clergy. It is not, then, to placate the native Catholics, whether in India, China, or elsewhere, that Rome insists upon the opening of seminaries for the education of native priests, but to establish firmly in their midst the Church of Christ, their only salvation. In present-day pagan lands, just as she has done in once pagan Europe and in the Americas, the Holy See is now beginning to introduce home rule by the appointment of a native hierarchy, and with the same object in view that she had in encouraging native vocations to the priesthood — the good of souls.

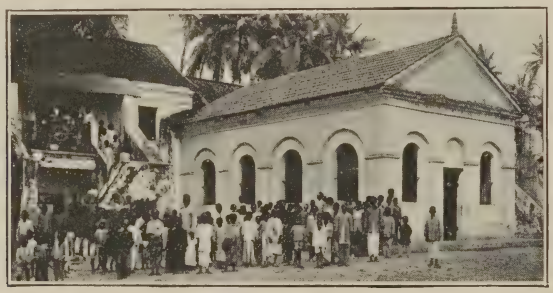
What of the caliber of the native clergy in India? We can say the same of the native priests we met there that we said of those in China. They impressed us most favorably. Among them, as at home, one finds outstanding types. These could be compared with our best and not lose by the comparison. They have the added advantage of knowing their own people better than the European does.

After a visit of three days in Karachi, we decided to go by boat to Bombay. The voyage is short, two nights and a day, and our accommodations were good. We sailed at 9 P.M. Among our fellow travelers was a native ecclesiastical student, a Mr. Raymond, bound for the Papal Seminary at Kandy on the island of Ceylon. He was returning to resume his studies, after a holiday with his parents. Some of the members of his family and a number of his father's friends came to see the young seminarian off. In the group were Mohammedans, Hindus, and Parsees. They were all dressed in tuxedos and had the appearance of men of wealth and position. A recent number of the *Bombay Examiner* carries a news item about the decoration of Mr. Raymond, Sr., by the Holy Father. He was made a Knight of St. Gregory.

A TAMIL PRIEST

The farewell on the boat to the Fathers of St. Patrick's was different from other good-byes. I was leaving the members of a Community who had

laid to rest the remains of my own brother and theirs; I was leaving the mission where he had spent himself, given his energies and his heart's love for souls, where God had accepted from him the will for the deed (he was young, active, strong, ready to give a long life of service that had but begun); my pilgrimage to the grave of him, who is helping me in my feeble efforts to keep other Xaviers like him at their posts, was over. And yet, I was not sad, I had no regrets, I was proud to think that this "Yankee Xavier, who had the glory of being the first American Jesuit to redeem his love for India's sons by the sacrifice of his young and promising life," [1] was my brother. The realization that more young Americans of the Society of Jesus and of other American



A MISSION SCHOOL

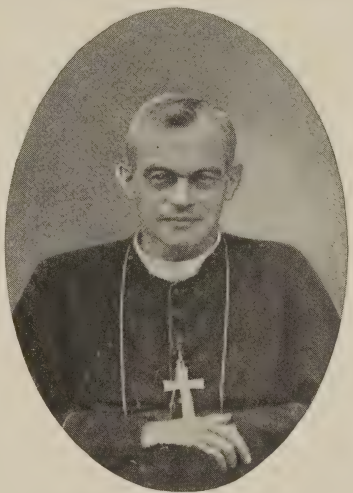
Societies, Congregations, and Orders would follow his example, as they have since done so generously, by going to the Philippines, Corea, China, Africa, and Oceania, was a source of great satisfaction.

[1] These are the opening words of a beautiful tribute by the Rev. Neil J. Boyton, S.J., in the June, 1919, *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* Fr. Boyton, then Mr. Boyton, S.J., accompanied Mr. McGlinchey, S.J., to India. Both labored together in Bombay, and were the first American Scholastics of the Society of Jesus to go to India.

Chapter XV

BOMBAY

We found the sail, two nights and a day, from Karachi to Bombay delightful. It afforded us a good rest, after over six weeks of strenuous train travel. Strenuous, indeed, it was, from the moment we left the ferry that plies between Talaimannar, Ceylon, and Ramaswaram, on the mainland of India. We followed the irregular coast line along the Bay of Bengal up to the great eastern gateway, Calcutta. Our itinerary then took us through the plain of the Ganges, which skirts the Himalayas, in a northeasterly direction to the Punjab. The route from there was southeast through the Plain of the Indus to Karachi, lying just north of the delta.



ARCHBISHOP GOODIER

Fr. Tom is a friend and ardent admirer of the Jesuit Archbishop of Bombay, the Most Rev. Alban Goodier. His Grace had very kindly offered us the

hospitality of his modest home, in the heart of the city; so we hailed a cab and in a short time were unpacking our suitcases in light, airy, comfortable rooms. Bombay was to be our headquarters for the last week of our companionship. We landed on Saturday morning, January 20. On the 27th my boat left for Europe.

My companion is not generally given to extravagance in describing men's admirable qualities of mind and heart, but a word dropped here and there gave me a rather exalted opinion of our host. I had pictured him as a man after the type of the "Gentlemanly Bishop of Geneva:" scholarly, genial, gentle, and gracious. I was not disappointed. His Grace showed us every possible courtesy. His motor was at our disposal, and he accompanied us in our visits to the various institutions, when he was at leisure.

Bombay is an island about twelve miles long and four miles wide. Extensive reclamations are increasing its size. Of its 1,000,000 souls, over three-fifths are Hindus. Less than one-fifth are Mohammedans. Parsees and native Christians number each about

50,000. Its European and Eurasian population fluctuates between 15,000 and 20,000. The Portuguese, who to-day comprise four-fifths of the Catholics in the city, were settled here early in the sixteenth century. It became an English possession in 1661.

Upon the tourist from the West, who approaches the land of color, contrast, and mystery by this great western gateway, its picturesqueness makes an impression never to be forgotten. He is surprised to find the European quarters so modern, so well built, so much like the western world, for its public buildings, parks, busy, wide thoroughfares and residences are equal to the best he has seen at home; while the native city, with its narrow, winding streets, its mosques and temples, its colorful, lively bazaars crowded with representatives of every Asiatic country, is so decidedly different from the Occident that he realizes at once he is on the opposite side of the globe.

The material improvements recently inaugurated and well under way in this island city are remarkable. In order to beautify,

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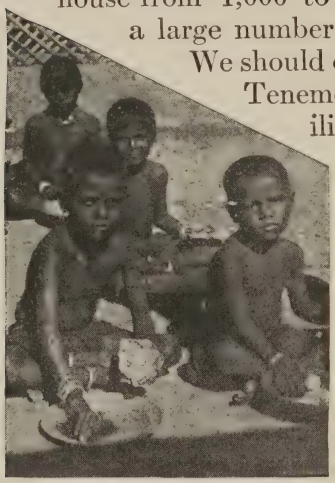
THE HIGH COURT, BOMBAY

straighten, and widen some streets, miles of houses were razed. The municipal Commissioner, who seems to enjoy a free rein to carry out his slogan of a "Bigger, Better, and Busier Bombay," has decidedly ambitious plans.

It was most gratifying to observe how keen His Grace and his Jesuit missionaries are to keep abreast of the growing spiritual needs. No sooner is a new district opened up than a chapel is planted in its midst. Schools, too, are started, where it is deemed feasible. I read, a few days ago, of a church to be built into a monster apartment house in one of our American cities. There are no apartment houses, as we know them, in Bombay. But there are Chawls: big, rough, reinforced concrete buildings to accommodate the influx of poor from the country — and how poor these new arrivals are! A Chawl will house from 1,000 to 2,000 souls, and there are a large number of these solid structures. We should call them tenement houses. Tenements! I was shown six families with a total of twenty-five persons living in a room that measured 10 x 12 feet.



THE POOR OF BOMBAY

I thought I saw poverty in China, where people actually hire bed-clothes each night during the winter as well as the outer garments they wear to and from the mission compound. But

A PAGAN GOD

nothing can exceed the indigence of the inhabitants of the Bombay Chawls. These countless, destitute strangers in a wealthy city are cared for spiritually by the missionaries. In each of four Chawls with a total population of 5,000 souls there is a school conducted by Rev. E. Hoogewerf, S.J. He taught as a scholastic in St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, Ohio, and his is, indeed, an apostolic work. He is the friend of the poor, in the fullest significance of the word. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary visit these schools to administer to the sick, baptize dying infants, and instruct pagan women who are well disposed.

There is one Chawl (St. Vincent's) for the Catholic poor. This was made possible through the kindness of the Municipal Development Department. It contains eighty tenements. A committee is in charge of its management. A project was under way to open a dispensary, the sign-board of the Church, in one of the tenements. What reader or club of readers would like the privilege of supporting it? A dollar a day will do it handsomely. We were proud to learn that missionary work in the Chawls was started by

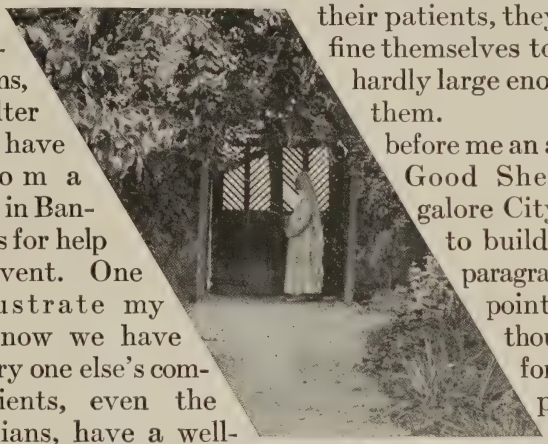
the Rev. Henry Westropp, an American Jesuit, now in the diocese of Patna, India. It will be recalled that the Patna Mission is cared for by members of the Society of Jesus from the Missouri Province. If I mistake not, Fr. Westropp played an important part in the foundation of St. Vincent's.

FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF MARY

The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary came to Bombay to care for lepers. They had opened St. Anthony's Home only three months previous to our visit in an old building and poorly furnished. The room which the Sisters occupied had an earthen floor. Only Faith and Charity could induce refined, cultured women to live in such a place. There were six of these angels of charity administering to sixteen old women and six children, and they hailed from as many different countries. One was the Provincial for all India, Ceylon, and Burma, Mother Mary Albert, a Canadian. The others represented France, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland.

One marvels at the humble, cramped, unsanitary quarters that mark the beginnings of great institutions conducted by Sisters all over the world. In

their zeal for the souls of the benighted heathen, and in quest of an outlet for their charity, our Sisters often live under conditions that we Americans would not consider fit for cattle. Even when their work has grown and they have spacious buildings for their patients, they often confine themselves to a few rooms, hardly large enough to shelter them.



THE GATEWAY OF ZEAL

I have before me an appeal from a Good Shepherd nun in Banagalore City, who asks for help to build a new convent. One paragraph will illustrate my point. "Until now we have thought of every one else's comfort. The patients, even the poorest Indians, have a well-aired, hygienic ward. The sick missionary priests and Sisters from all parts of India, Ceylon, Burma, even from China, Corea, and the Philippine Islands find comfortable rooms here; but our Sisters, who work hard all day and often all night, have only a small and ill-ventilated building in which to sleep. The doctors insist on the immediate construction of a convent, and condemn the old one as unfit. Four of our young Sisters are laid up. They are utterly exhausted and unfit for work, due to the condition of our convent. We do not want palaces; still, we must in conscience protect the Sisters' lives, for hospital work is heavy and the disadvantages we have to work under, owing

MISSIONARY INSPIRATION AT ITS SOURCE

to our limited finances, are making it doubly so."

When I handed Mother Albert a card reading "good for $100," to be honored at our Office, she thanked me as if it had another cipher or two. I regretted that it could not have been larger. This improvised money order was probably mailed to Boston that night, and cashed as soon as it reached the Office. Some months after my return, upon receiving her acknowledgment of our check and learning all she had accomplished with it, my regrets at not being able to have made it $1,000 were still keener. A recent communication from Mother Albert brings the welcome news that St. Anthony's has outgrown the little hovel and moved to more spacious quarters. His Grace has found additional works of charity for these nuns, and they are happy in having a greater opportunity to serve the diocese by winning souls to Christ.

A word about the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, to whom Mother Albert belongs, may be of use to some generous souls who are ready to give themselves to the missions. They are unique in modern times. Their rapid growth recalls the early history of the Religious Orders of men who rallied to the call of an Ignatius, a Francis, and a Dominic. Started but forty-seven years ago, this Institute now counts over 4,000 subjects. They are of many nationalities. Almost all capitals of Europe are blessed with convents of these valiant women. They engage in every conceivable good work, and have an especial love for the poor. As the purpose of the Institute is to aid our modern apostles in foreign fields, most of its mem-

bers are in Asia, Africa, and the island missions of the Far East. The American headquarters are in Quebec.

Every Catholic activity to be found in a large, well-organized diocese in Europe or America has been introduced into Bombay. Some of these institutions are carried on only on a small scale, but

they are foundations for something larger. There are orphanages and houses for the aged poor, homes, hostels and refuges, especially for women; libraries, needlerooms, guilds, teachers' and nurses' associations, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, an institute for deaf mutes, and a leper asylum. The St. Vincent de Paul Society and St. Isabel's Association for relief of the poor in their homes and in hospitals, and

the Prisoners' Aid Committee are all as active as they are necessary.

In the field of Catholic education the diocese of Bombay is especially well equipped. St. Xavier's College teaches 1,200 students, 100 of whom are women; St. Xavier's High School has an enrollment of 1,400 boys, more than half of whom are non-Christians; St. Mary's High School, Mazagon (within the city limits), counts 600 boys, half of them boarders. This school was of special interest to me, as it was the scene of my brother Henry's first two years in India; the Jesuit Fathers have another school in Bandra, outside the city, with 700 boys. St. Patrick's, in Karachi, gives instruction to 560 boys.

The provisions for higher education for girls are also remarkable. In the city, the Sisters of Jesus and Mary conduct high schools where over 1,000 girls are in attendance. The Daughters of the Cross in Bombay, Bandra, and Karachi instruct 1,600 girls of all grades. Both of these Sisterhoods have parochial schools as well as their convent schools, which correspond to our academies. The total in the diocese receiving English education is 8,979. For vernacular education (Gujerate, Maratti, Tamil, and Hindustani) the figure is 2,210. This makes a grand total of 11,189 pupils under instruction. While most of the college students are non-Christian, and the high school pupils, with the exception of those in Karachi, are more than half non-Christian, these in-

ELIZA, THE NEGRO NURSE AT BANDRA ORPHANAGE

stitutions are turning out a goodly number of educated Catholics and helping in a small way to supply vocations. It is unfortunate that more native Catholics are not found in the higher schools, in which there is a mixture of Europeans, Eurasians, Siamese, Cingalese, Parsees, Jews, Mohammedans, Hindus, etc.

One bright, sunshiny afternoon, His Grace motored with us to Bandra, about ten miles from the city. Like Bombay, it is one of a group of twelve islands. Several of the narrow channels separating these islands from one another and from the mainland have been filled in. The center of population is on the seashore. It has 2,000 Catholics. Here the Sisters of Jesus and Mary have the largest school in India (800 girls), while the Fathers' orphanage and middle school, St. Stanislaus', has an enrollment of 700 boys. The parish buildings, though not so pretentious as some of those in Bombay, opened our

eyes. I was surprised to learn that an American Jesuit, Fr. Parker, since returned to the States, is credited with having so trained the Catholics here to contribute to the church that this parish is now self-supporting.

I wonder if there is not something in the theory that missionaries from a country where the Church is supported by the faithful directly and not by the State can more easily and more quickly teach the Oriental his duty in this regard. This is at least an open question. To a group of European missionaries in China, I advanced this theory and—fireworks was the result! I know, of course, that it is only a theory as far as American missionaries are concerned, for they are young in the field. One bishop, however (there were several in the gathering), pointed to parishes in his vicariate that

A FAKIR

are self-supporting, but they are made up of old Christians, and hence offer no argument.

Bandra, too, is a Christian community of long standing. It has a goodly number of Goans; in fact, more than half the Catholics there belong to the Padroado, that is, they are under the jurisdiction of the diocese of Damaun.

The Padroado is the right of patronage granted by Leo X to Portugal in 1514. It was given in recognition of the zeal of the Portuguese for the propagation of the Faith in their newly acquired colonies, and of the beneficence of Portuguese monarchs towards the missions already established under their flag in Asia, Africa, and South America.

The erection of new dioceses, the appointment and installation of bishops, according to this agreement, could not be settled without consultation with Portugal. It was understood, on the other hand, that this Catholic country, then so powerful on the seas, so important in the commercial world, in such close and constant relations with three continents, should supply missionaries for her distant possessions, transport them to these parts and provide for the Church

there in a material way. The result was that certain sees in India had Portuguese bishops and priests. Goa was the Metropolitan Center for India and the Primatial See for the Orient. Macao, the only diocese in China to-day (there are 54 vicariates with bishops presiding over them) is a suffragan see of Goa. In 1600, when the missionary activity of Portugal began to decline and she was no longer able to fulfill her obligations resulting from the Padroado, the Holy See limited the jurisdiction of Goa, and has been doing so ever since. From the time of the Goanese Schism (1838), in and about Bombay, Rome has sent new missionary societies to districts formerly under the Padroado.

While the Padroado controls only four dioceses in India; that is, Goa, now a Patriarchal See, and its three suffragan sees: Cochin, Mylapore, and Damaun, yet there are large Padroado parishes in other dioceses. For example, of the 50,000 Catholics in the city of Bombay, 40,000 are under the Padroado. It is embarrassing for the Archbishop of Bombay to have no jurisdiction over four-fifths of the Catholics residing in his See City. Time, of course, will solve the situation.

A PATHAN PIPER

Chapter XVI

BARODA AND ANAND

Eventful occurrences were not rare on my mission tour. Among them I count the following. Somewhere in China I found a letter awaiting me from Fr. Tom in which this question was put: "How should you like to spend a few days in Baroda as the guest of His Highness the Maharaja?" Did I answer "No"? Hardly. At first, I thought it was a joke, but upon reading the remainder of the missive, the genuineness of the inquiry was apparent. Some years ago, my companion traveled from Bombay to England on the same boat with the Maharaja and his wife, the Maharani. His Highness is rather democratic; it may also have been his progressive ideas, his desire to improve his people, especially by education, that caused him to warm up to the Supervisor of Schools in the diocese of Pondicherry. At any rate, before landing, an invitation to spend a few weeks at Baroda was extended to the missionary. So that is how we happened to be State guests of His Highness, the Gaekwar of Baroda.

A ROYAL LADY

It was only ten hours from

AN INDIAN MAHARAJA

Bombay. In order to make a good impression, we got out our best clothes, had them pressed carefully (for we had slept in them more than once), and took the night train. You should have seen us dolling up before the train pulled into the station at 7:15 A.M.! The experience that awaited us, even for Fr. Tom, was a new one. The guests of a Maharaja! How far was the guest-house from the station? Should we be able to secure any sort of conveyance at that hour? Might we by good fortune be met by the guest-master or one of his assistants? (Fr. Tom had announced our arrival.) These were the thoughts

that ran through our minds. We felt that there might be a bullock bandy (perhaps a little more pretentious than those of our good missionary hosts) in waiting. But lo and behold! As we stepped on the platform, a young man in European dress accosted us, a turbaned servant took charge of our baggage, and in a few minutes we were bouncing up and down upon the cushioned seats of a big touring car bound for the State guest-house. The "Reception Committee" sat in the front seat beside the chauffeur, and in perfect English pointed out the various buildings we passed.

A PAIR OF FRIENDS

Our quarters were like those of a first-class European pension. There are three houses for visitors. Since we happened to be almost the only State guests, there was a generous choice of apartments in the building that were set apart for those invited by His Highness. We selected two adjoining rooms with an outlook upon a well-kept lawn. The doors leading to a spacious veranda were open. It was a crisp January morning, but the chirping of birds and the bright rays of the sun added to the good cheer of our surroundings. "What time will the Fathers have breakfast and when will they want the car?" asked the gentle-voiced guest-master with

a bow. We told him we should like the car at once to go to the church. It also called for us after our Masses were over. While we were waiting with the pastor for the auto to arrive, we amused ourselves by watching the pranks of half a dozen monkeys sunning themselves on a wall just outside the little chapel. At about 9:30, our tour of Baroda began. Long before we came here, I had decided that, for several reasons, seeing India as a guest was far preferable to seeing it as a tourist. I was doubly sure of it now.

There are almost 700 so-called Independent States in India. Hyderabad, with an area of 82,698 square miles, is the largest and most important. Its ruler, the Nizam, governs over 12,000,000 subjects and his revenue in dollars is equal to the population. Some 500 of these Indian States are so small that they amount to very little. Several of them cover only a few square miles. They are all governed by native princes, ministers, or councils, under the supervision of local British Agents.

ANOTHER PAIR OF FRIENDS

The Mahratta State, with Baroda as its capital, is a little larger than Massachusetts and has a population of about 2,000,000. The Ruler, whose official title is His Highness Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao, Gaekwar of Baroda, G.C.S.I., is consid-

UNTOUCHABLE . . . BUT

ered the most progressive of all the native princes in India.

As an Englishman on the boat from Bombay to Port Said put it: "He is always one step ahead of the British Government in the material and educational improvement of his people." Fluent in English and French, well traveled (he has circled the globe twice), and in close touch with western progress, he is said to have done more for his subjects with his annual income of $4,000,000 than any other native ruler. And one sees the evidence of his interest in his subjects on all sides. His special hobby is the advancement of the depressed classes, the untouchables, as they are called. The complete abolition of class distinction would, of course, at present be impossible. As previously noted, the castes are so woven into the lives of the Hindus that they are a fixture, a part of their social system.

GRACE CAN TOUCH THEM

It is a better understanding, more cordial relations between the castes and non-castes or outcastes that is aimed at by His Highness.

For many years, the Maharaja's best efforts have been directed against the disunion and isolation resulting from this deep-rooted social division. His hope lies in the schools. Among his subjects, high and low alike, he sees the ravages of illiteracy. He realizes the difficulty of eradicating it entirely, but is endeavoring to give to those who desire it an opportunity of acquiring an education.

The untouchables in the Baroda State are known as Antyajas. As far back as 1883, His Highness opened schools for this class. In 1906 Free and Compulsory Education Acts were passed. Since then the institutions of learning have multiplied, the pupils have increased in number and the standard of scholarship has been raised. In 1914, just before

ROYAL TABLE, CARVED IN MISSION SCHOOL

the war, there were 20,000 in attendance at lower and high schools (both boarding and day) and at the Baroda College. To Europeans and Americans this school-going proportion of the population of the Mahratta State will seem small. For India it is large, and for a State governed by a native prince it is extraordinary. Debating clubs, reading rooms, and libraries have done much to reduce illiteracy, and the Antyajas, we were told, are admitted on an equal footing with the others. This is almost incredible to one who knows the ingrained hatred that exists between caste and non-caste Hindus.

So consistent have been the reforms brought about by His Highness that the mingling of Antyajas with their betters even at social gatherings has resulted. This would seem the climax of success, but it is not, for a marriage between an Antyaja orphan girl and a high-class Hindu actually took place in 1919, and the State supplied the dowry for the bride.

Patit Pavan, Uplifter of the Fallen, is one of the many titles of the Gaekwar or Maharaja of Baroda. In 1921, it was formally bestowed upon him in one of his palaces by the Arya Samaj, an organization for the betterment of the depressed classes throughout India. His Highness gladly accepted the honor.

The Gaekwar has three stately houses in Baroda, beautiful, princely residences that remind one of the royal palaces of Europe. They are in different parts of the capital, but within very short driving distance of one another. Our guide brought us through them and showed us the State jewels. Never had we seen such a choice collection of precious stones. It was, of course, carefully guarded. Diamonds, rubies,

emeralds, and sapphires, unset and in rings (finger and nose rings), bracelets, anklets, necklaces, swords, and dagger hilts. On a red plush cushion there were three pearls valued at $100,000. Forming a dazzling pendant to a costly necklace, in this treasure room in the Maharaja's palace, is the sixth largest diamond in the world.

A COSTLY CLOAK

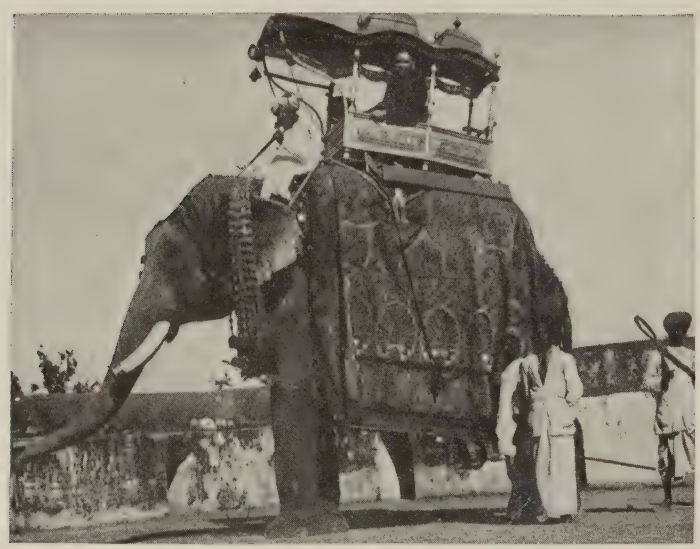
It is an old Indian custom to put one's wealth into such things. In fact, most Orientals did this. They had nothing like our modern stocks, bonds, and other securities; banks were unknown. So they turned their cash into jewelry and precious stones and counted their riches in these. The East moves slowly. The old methods still obtain. This same way of investing and hoarding their savings is common to the poor as well as the affluent. A bracelet, a nose stud, a toe ring, or an earring, a necklace, a jeweled

belt, or a combination of these trinkets often represents the humble fortune of a Hindu working man or woman.

But all the Gaekwar's gems are not for the adornment of men and women. By no means! He must have attractively caparisoned elephants, with rich and costly trappings. While visiting the corral, in which there were about a dozen excellent specimens of these masters of the jungle, we were shown one caparison that cost $10,000. It was a veritable blanket of gold and silken embroidery inlaid with jewels. On top of this costly cloak rests the howdah

SPOILS OF THE HUNT

in which the passengers sit. This pavilion, usually covered with a canopy, may have one or two seats very much like those of a sleigh. We were shown one howdah of solid gold and another of silver. Fr. Tom and I were invited to take a ride on the largest elephant in the herd. Two pictures in our



THE TRAVELER IS UPLIFTED

collection show us seated upon our lumbering steeds and ready for the road.

Near Baroda, in the Mahratta State, is the birthplace of the celebrated Mahatma Ghandi, of whom we read periodically in the papers. We saw many of his followers, distinguished by their white caps, and heard much of his teachings, trial, and imprisonment. His recent book, "Young India," gives a good idea of his doctrine. It is a collection of his letters, essays, and speeches, with an introduction by the Secretary of the Indian National Congress, giving a brief sketch of the Non-coöperation Movement.

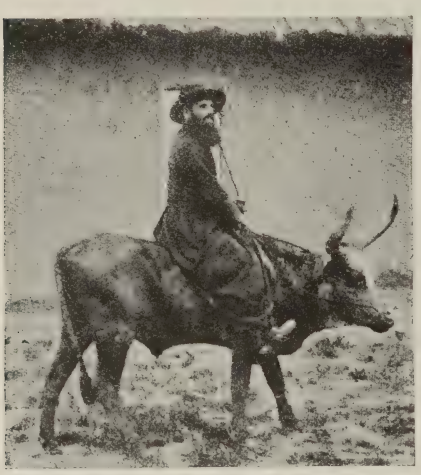
The Catholics in Baroda number about 300. The pastor, Fr. Fernandes, with whom we had a long talk, brought us into his parochial school beside the

BUT JUMBO SINKS UNDER FR. TOM

little church and house. There are less than fifty pupils. In six out-stations, with a handful of Catholics in each, he and his assistant, Fr. Cardo, are trying to propagate the Faith throughout the Mahratta State. Although this parish, dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary, was started in 1852, the progress has been very slight. The entire flock does not total 500 souls.

It was disappointing not to find the Church better established in this State. One would imagine that under such a broad-minded, sympathetic ruler as His Highness, Christianity would flourish. There is an English Church that dates back to 1824, but we did not hear that this is any more successful than ours.

Notwithstanding the wonderful accomplishments of His Highness in the past, his influence seems to be waning. It is not so evident at present as it was before the war. This is due in large measure to his protracted absence from the State. He is now somewhat advanced in years and spends most of his time in London. During our visit, he and the Maharani were in Europe. His successor (not one of his sons), a boy of about twelve years, is in the hands of an English tutor, but lives in the State.

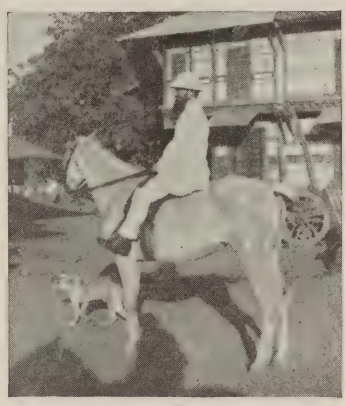


WHEN THE BULLOCK BECOMES A HORSE

Entertainment in one form or another is part of the hospitality extended by a rajah to his guests. You may follow the hounds on a sturdy steed selected from a well-stocked stable; if you like to see the other fellow exercise, you may review the army or go to His Highness' wrestling school and feast your eyes on proud flesh and muscle in action, that would cause an American football coach to break the Tenth Commandment. In case you have little sporting blood and less time you may sit on the veranda and enjoy a show. The stage comes to you in India. We spent a pleasant hour after dinner on the second day, together with a small group from

the other two guest-houses, watching a troupe of trained dogs and birds do their stunts.

After enjoying and profiting by the hospitality of the Mahratta State for two days, we visited the Anand Mission, some twenty miles from Baroda, before returning to Bombay. It is only an hour's ride by train. The guest-master made our reservations, drove us to the station, and regretted that he could not send us the entire way by auto, as the road was not open. We departed with a good impression of what we had seen, and with a prayer for the conversion of the Maharaja and the Maharani. His Highness is not an orthodox Hindu. He does not worship the household deity. In reward for his kindly disposition towards his subjects and for his genuine interest in their welfare, not characteristic, we are told, of all native rulers, God may be pleased to give him the light of Faith.



FR. GUNTER, S.J., ON HORSEBACK

We reached Anand at 8:15 P.M. The Superior of the mission, Fr. Gunter, S.J., met us at the station. On the way to the compound, we noticed that the town was placarded with announcements of the visit of General Booth. He arrived the previous night. Anand is the headquarters of the Salvation Army, the Central Station of our Gugerat missions, and an

important station of the Irish Presbyterians. It is well-cared for spiritually and the Presbyterians have a first-class hospital.

The presence of the distinguished and well-advertised General created no great furor. The placards, however, afforded much amusement to the town, for they literally called the visitor out of his name. The notices read: MOTA BUT AVNAR CHE, which means: "The great Devil has arrived." It seems that in the Gugerat alphabet there is no combination of the letters "th," and in most Indian dialects "But" means the "old boy" himself. A few days later I happened to sail on the same boat with the General from Bombay to Port Said. He gave a public talk one night. The first half told of the work of his father and mother. The second part dealt with the accomplishments of the Army in the Far East, its aims and purposes. Many of the passengers were shocked to hear the speaker conclude his lecture by stating that the aim of this great Spiritual Army in the Orient is to make the Mohammedans better Mohammedans and the Hindus better Hindus. If this really is the purpose of the Salvation Army, it is not Christian, and it would be better for its devoted teachers to stay at home.

The Catholic Mission (St. Francis Xavier's) in Anand is flourishing. It has 1,840 souls. Fr. Tom was especially interested in its training school for teachers and catechists, with seventy-five boys in attendance. There are twenty village schools with an enrollment of almost 600 pupils. The Daughters of the Cross conduct a small orphanage with eighty girls. Fr. Gunter and his assistant, Fr. Grau, S.J., have

their hands full. We met here two native secular priests, Fr. Michael Rodriguez and Fr. Jerome Menezes.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CROSS

Anand has a rather unique school for boys, founded and supervised by the Charotar Educational Society. It begins with the primary grades, and its high school graduates may enter the Gugerat National University, with which it is affiliated. In 1922, sixteen of its boys matriculated in the University. Industrial and technical branches are taught and special attention is paid to the physical and moral training of the pupils.

I was impressed most favorably with the general atmosphere. It is not a Christian school, but there is something about it that makes one feel it is out of the ordinary for a pagan institution. The Society accepts no Government grant. It is supported by its 600 members. There are Patrons, Donors, and Fellows, who contribute respectively $333, $80, and $40. Then there are Associates, graduates who pay five per cent. of their earnings for life, and Volunteers,

graduates who promise to serve the Society for at least twenty years and be content with a small remuneration. The teachers are chosen from this last group. The Society even sends deserving poor students abroad.

It was a surprise to find that an institution of this kind can thrive upon the charity of its pagan benefactors and the loyalty of its graduates. Everywhere, during my trip through the Far East, my attention was called to the generosity of pagans of means. Even Catholic missions, especially in their charitable and educational work, are benefiting in this way. I wish all our wealthy Catholics might know of the good deeds of philanthropic pagans.

OUR CONVEYANCE TO THE SCHOOL

Chapter XVII

BOMBAY—RETURN AND FAREWELL

ENTRANCE TO ELEPHANTA CAVES, BOMBAY

On our return from Anand to Bombay, we again passed through Baroda. While the train halted for passengers, we got a good view of one of the sons of His Highness, the Maharaja. The Prince is about thirty years old. He was talking with an Englishman, who decided to ride in our compartment. The young scion of Hindu nobility, judging from his command of English, might well be a graduate of Cambridge or Oxford. Or he may have attended Yale, Princeton, or Harvard, for his dress, manner, and assurance savored of such colleges.

From Anand to Bombay is 269 miles. We left at 8:30 P.M. and arrived at 7:15 the following morn-

ing. It was Thursday, January 25, and marked my last train ride in India. Was I sorry? Yes, because it meant the end of a delightful six weeks, spent among the noblest group of men and women I ever hope to meet.

My boat, an Australian liner, sailed on Saturday, the 27th, at 4 P.M., so there remained about two full days to prepare. After purchases had been made, passport visés secured, films developed, letters written, letter of credit cashed, and numerous other matters attended to, there was still some time left to "see Bombay."

THE WEALTH OF INDIA

His Grace, Archbishop Goodier, happened to have a free afternoon. We drove about the city visiting, among other places, Malabar Hill. This is the finest residential section of the Island City. Here the wealthy Mohammedans, Hindus, and Parsis have palatial houses.

The Parsis are a picturesque, interesting, and influential group in Bombay. They are followers of Zoroaster. Early in the eighth century, on account of religious persecution in Persia, many of them fled to India. Their largest settlement at present is in Bombay, where they number about 80,000. According to the official census, these Zoroastrians are a little over 100,000 strong in all India. In

their temples, they keep burning the sacred fire which, according to their tradition, was brought from heaven by Zoroaster. While praying to God, Whom they worship as the emblem of light, they are supposed to stand before a fire or to face the sun, these being

From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"
TOWER OF SILENCE

symbols of the Creator. They are not, as is often wrongly stated, fire worshipers.

Besides fire, the Parsis look upon water and earth as holy, and hence not to be defiled. This accounts for their unique method of disposing of their dead. As a corpse would pollute water, it must not be lowered into the sea. Since it would befoul the earth, our method of burying is prohibited. The Hindu custom of burning is even more repulsive to the Parsi, for it would be positively sacrilegious to contaminate the sacred fire.

So these devout, modern adherents of the ancient faith of Zoroaster have a peculiar method of their own of returning their departed to the dust whence

they came. Well up on beautiful Malabar Hill, the traveler is shown the "Towers of Silence." They are five in number, cylindrical, whitewashed structures of cement, about 25 feet high and from 100 to 200 feet wide.

The white-robed mourners participating in a Parsi funeral march two by two through the streets of the city, up Malabar Hill to a gateway in a high wall, then up eighty steps to another gateway that permits them to enter the inner enclosure. They halt before a stone building, where prayers are offered. Two bearded bearers then mount a few steps to the Tower. Through an opening about eight feet from the ground they enter with the remains. The Tower

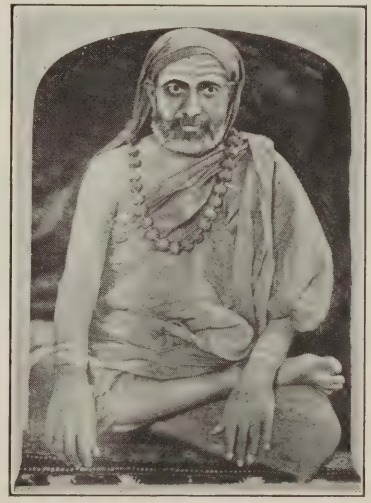
From "John L. Stoddard's Lectures"

A GROUP OF PARSIS

has three large, circular, walled compartments, running completely around. These in turn are subdivided by other walls, running like the radii of a circle, with sections just large enough to receive the

naked bodies. Men's remains are placed in the outer loculi, women's in the second and children's in the inner, which are, of course, quite small.

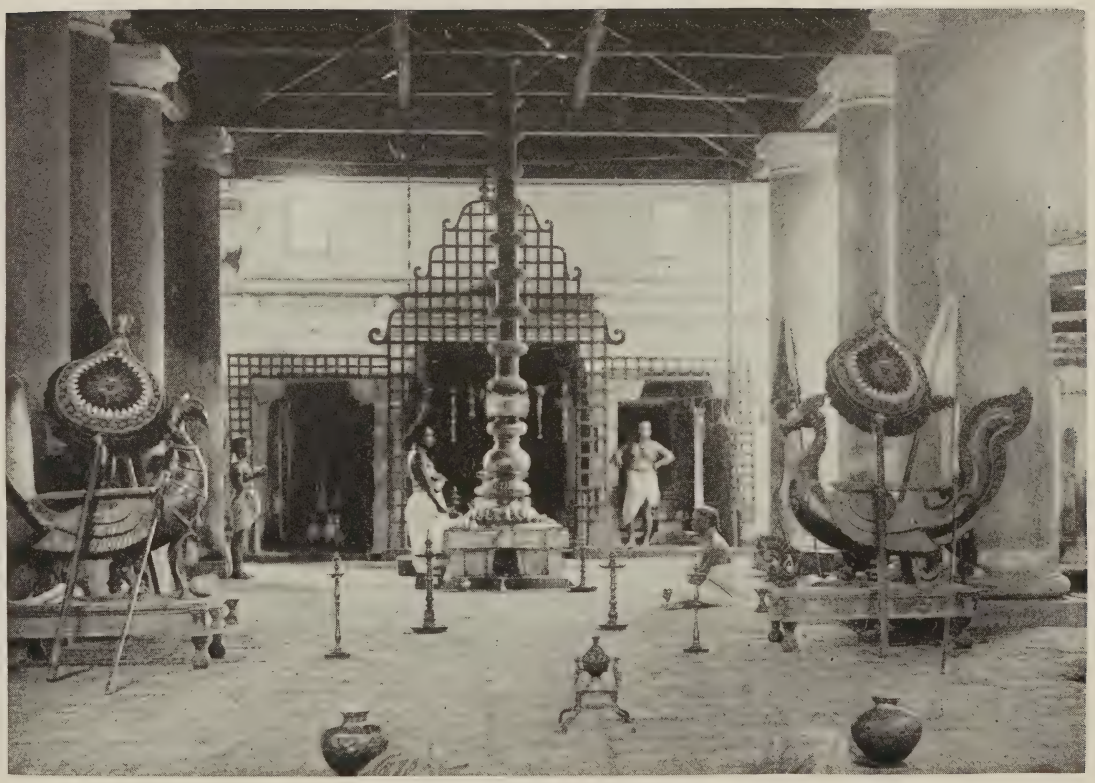
Then begins a gruesome spectacle. Hundreds of filthy vultures, that have been waiting in the neighboring trees, swoop down upon the lifeless form. In a few minutes there remains nothing but the bones. To the Parsis, of course, it is not a ghastly, revolting sight, but a solemn, religious rite at which they calmly and reverently assist.



A PAGAN PRIEST

Horrible tales are told of pedestrians who, while walking up beautiful Malabar Hill, have been startled by fingers and other parts of bodies, dropped upon them by the greedy black scavengers. This is possible, but surely not of frequent occurrence. Wind and sun beat upon the skeleton. When it is dried and bleached, gloved carriers cast it into the well below. Here it crumbles into dust.

On the boat, a few days later, I overheard a friendly discussion of this practice between a devout disciple of the Persian philosopher-prophet and a Christian gentleman from Australia. The former in defense of the method asked: "What is the differ-



INTERIOR OF HINDU TEMPLE

ence between allowing a body to be eaten by vultures or by worms?"

The Parsis constitute only a little less than one-tenth of the population of Bombay. But their peculiar dress singles them out among the motley rabble in the native bazaars, or in the stylish, well-dressed crowds in the English quarter. The women are robed in rich, costly saris, draped a little differently from those of their Hindu sisters. The men wear very wide, white trousers, long, loose, black coats and black patent leather hats, shaped like a horse's hoof. This headdress, like the queue forced upon the Chinese by their Manchu conquerors, was a humiliating sign of bondage imposed by the Mohammedans when they persecuted and controlled these new arrivals in India.

But the Parsis of to-day know no bondage. Politically, socially, and commercially they are the most prominent and powerful group in Bombay. Wealthy, intelligent, and well educated, these picturesque people are most highly respected. They are extremely philanthropic. Public buildings, hospitals, and educational institutions are monuments to their charity. As I saw these proofs of Parsi public spirit and generosity, again I asked myself: "Why can we not induce our wealthy Catholics to do more for missions and other worthy causes?"

One of the many sights of Bombay is the animal hospital. Horses and cows that look like hat-racks, scrawny, mangy dogs, cats, rats, and monkeys, broken-winged and wingless birds, sick snakes, even insects are cared for here with a tenderness that is unbelievable. In place of the Christian precept,

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," has been substituted, "Thou shalt love *all* animals as thyself." Hindus, Buddhists, and especially Jains, who in many ways resemble both, for Jainism is an offshoot of Brahminism and Buddhism, inculcate scrupulous care of all lower animal life. Some are so conscientious in this that they refuse to kill even the persistent parasites that prey upon their brown bodies for food. During the war, the Indian regiments must have been the "cooties' paradise."

A story is told of a wealthy old follower of Jainism in Bombay, whose house is infested with rats. Being a devotee, he positively prohibits his servants from covering the holes made by the destructive rodents in the polished floors of his palatial residence, lest the poor little things should thus be deprived of the run of his home. This case is not unique. Connected with the Cutch Temple of the Jains is a hospital where 5,000 rats are supported. A fanatical Jain, we are told, even goes so far as to wear a veil over his mouth, to avoid swallowing a stray insect and thus taking its life.

These poor, benighted Jains, in common with Hindus, not only have deep respect for animals, but worship them. Among the quadrupeds that are objects of their idolatry, the most common are the monkey and the bull. Birds, snakes, and fish are also deified by these degraded people.

All over India one finds images of Hanuman, the monkey god. Of course, he has temples, too. As noted before, one may amuse oneself, at some of the smaller railway stations, watching the passengers feed dozens of monkeys that come to meet the trains.

It is undoubtedly the lofty position occupied by these mischievous mammals that saves their lives when they have destroyed property. No one would dare to kill or even chastise them publicly. Sometimes, however, they are punished and taught a lesson. I heard of a missionary, in a district where the monkey is sacred, who lay awake nights trying to think of a way to rid the compound of a vicious, long-tailed visitor. Several boys and girls in the mission school had been bitten by the little rascal. Father finally got an idea. He built a cage, caught "Mr. Monk," chloroformed him and extracted his teeth. Then he let him go. The children were not troubled any more.

SACRED BULL

The bull is, perhaps, the most sacred of all animals in India. In the Tanjore Temple, in the south, I saw a gigantic black bull. It is twelve feet ten inches high and sixteen feet long, sculptured out of a solid block of granite. It is sad, indeed, to see the poor ignorant Hindus anointing it with oil. This makes the monolith shine like the finest bronze.

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SNAKE WORSHIP

Live bulls are often allowed to roam at will. One sees them in the thoroughfares, stopping cars and autos. They are even fed and worshiped in public streets and squares. The owner of a green goods market feels highly honored if the sacred bull from the temple takes a liking to his vegetables and raids the shop. The lucky brute may clear out the stand without being molested.

The reason, the underlying purpose of animal worship, is naturally sought by strangers. I asked how and why men could so debase themselves, and was told that the motive is twofold, fear and self-interest. If an animal is harmful, like the monkey and the snake, it must be placated; if it is useful, like the bull and especially the bullock, which is the

chief source of the wealth of these agricultural people, it is for one's interest to keep on the right side of him.

Among the animals worshiped from fear, the snake holds a prominent position. It is said that 30,000 die every year in India from snake bite. All through the country one passes images of snakes, carved in rocks. The evidence of religious devotions being performed before these idols is unmistakable, for one can see traces of recent libations of oil and other liquids.

Not only Hindus, but other idolaters, are given to snake worship. But the Hindus seem to go the limit. They will seek out snake holes and visit them at regular intervals, and bring food for the occupants; they keep snakes in their houses, feed and pet them, for it would be sacrilegious to do otherwise, and they build temples to the treacherous reptiles.

In Mysore (Southern India) is one of the most famous. Great numbers of snakes live within the inclosure. They are fed and cared for by the Brahmins on duty at the temple. Worshipers bring delicacies for the living snakes, or purchase in the outer temple oil to pour upon the countless carved figures of the snake god within. Never will you know the full import of the expression, "It gives me the creeps," until you have visited India.

FR. SCHUBIGER, S.J.

And yet with its odd manners and customs (some disgusting, revolting), with its dirty, dusty, crowded, colorful bazaars, enlivened by constantly moving turbans and saris of a hundred hues, with its strange temples and pagodas and the preposterous pagan practices that are paraded within them under the guise and name of religion, India certainly has a charm. Of course, I was only a traveler with a purpose. Some of the missionaries who read these lines will perhaps exclaim: "That *Sahib* ought to live here and do a little work in this *wonderful, enchanting* land."

Of the difficulties experienced by our priests, Brothers, and Sisters, and arising from these very contrasts which make India delightful for the visitor, I am not unmindful. These few, strange, religious observances have been noted, precisely to show our readers what our heroic missionaries are facing.

It is not easy to make converts among an idolatrous people, but with God's help and the backing of benefactors in Christian countries, it is possible. Real missionary work everywhere is difficult, often discouraging. But how meritorious and consoling!

"What kind of Catholics do these people make? Can we really convert them?" These questions have frequently been asked. They may have run

through your mind. Perhaps the best answer is the following: The 2,600,000 Catholics in India have given almost 2,000 native priests to the Church and over 3,000 native Sisters. These figures include only native priests and Sisters who are alive and actually laboring in the Indian Apostolate to-day. In India and other mission countries, just as in Europe and America, bishops are very strict in admitting candidates to the sanctuary and the cloister. There, as here, such a large number of families worthy to give sons and daughters to the service of the Church is a proof of deep-rooted Faith.

I WANT TO BE A SISTER

Two points might be

A CHRISTIAN DEATH-BED IN INDIA

noted in passing: First, the native priests have increased 15 per cent. during the past ten years; secondly, they might be much more numerous if there were greater resources at the disposal of the bishops for seminaries and preparatory schools to educate natives for the priesthood. An excellent way to help this splendid enterprise, as before

A TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE

noted, is for Catholics in America to adopt native seminarists. It costs only $100 a year. The course in the seminary lasts six years, two of philosophy and four of theology. If we could double the number of native priests and catechists, we could more than double the Catholic population in India.

Some districts, as Chota Nagpur and Bezwada,

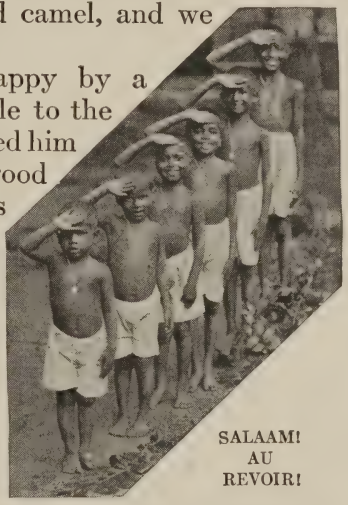
are more prolific in converts than others. Where conversions have been numerous, it has been due not merely to the disposition of the people, but to the large number of catechists.

The departure from Bombay on Saturday, January 27, marked the end of my journey through the mission fields. It is now a very pleasant memory, one often revived by correspondence from those I met. My appreciation of the missions and the missionaries is, I trust, more accurate. My esteem and sympathy for them I know are far greater than ever.

At the dock, besides Fr. Tom and Michael, was Fr. Bennett, Procurator of the diocese, who did much to make our stay in Bombay enjoyable. He is an American Jesuit from the Missouri Province. Fr.

WITH FR. BENNETT

Tom, though the son of an Irish patriot, and proud of the rich, red, Celtic blood in his veins, is undemonstrative. The writer, too, is of the phlegmatic type. So there was no "tear"ing one's self away. Fr. Tom's kindness, his consideration, his company and his cooking will not be soon forgotten. We roughed it and bunked together in extremes of heat and cold; we bumped along on bullock bandy, Tin Lizzie, motor cycle, elephant, and camel, and we never had a "falling out."



SALAAM!
AU
REVOIR!

Michael was made happy by a gratuity which meant little to the donor, but evidently pleased him very much. We got to be good friends during the weeks we spent together. Although I knew no Tamil and he no English, we managed to get along. It took me several days, however, to detect when he understood what was wanted. Down in the Tamil country not a bow, but a series of quick shakes of the head means yes.

After passing through the Suez Canal, I left the boat at Port Said to visit the shrines in the Holy Land. Two days in Cairo and another in Alexandria completed my brief stay in the Near East. Naples, Rome, Paris, and Cherbourg were the European stops. On March 19, the Feast of St. Joseph, I was back at my desk, and the Office never looked so inviting.

Chapter XVIII

SOME OBSERVATIONS

To this rambling account of my hurried trip through India, I shall add a few observations which will touch upon the work in China, Japan, and Corea as well as in India.

That the field is great none will doubt. Some will question whether it is white unto harvest. Their misgivings are perhaps founded on the difficulty of making conversions. Generally speaking, it is hard to convert pagan peoples. While there are districts where mass conversions have been made and others

PIONEER WORK AMONG THE PAGANS IS NOT THE ONLY PREOCCUPATION OF OUR MISSIONARIES

where they are possible, where the natives are clamoring for a priest to teach them, it is, nevertheless, true that in the average mission, to increase the

Catholic population by conversions is a difficult matter.

Even mass conversions present a problem that is not easy to handle. It is not enough to instruct and receive into the fold a village of five hundred or a thousand souls. They must be kept in the Faith, cared for in many ways, guarded against the wolves from without, and from the danger of lapsing again into paganism with its diabolical practices and superstitions.

THEY MUST ALSO TEACH THE CHRISTIANS

Most of us picture the average missionary traveling from place to place, dispensing medicine, preaching, teaching catechism, baptizing, marrying, and administering the other sacraments to scattered groups of new converts. This is not, sad to say, the life of the average missionary. In some dioceses and vicariates, such a priest is the exception.

We forget that there are many large, very large parishes in the distant parts of the vineyard just as there are here at home. Whole villages recently converted, old Christians and their descendants must be administered to exactly as in our own country. Schools and colleges must be supplied

THEY MUST HAVE CHURCHES AND SEMINARIES

with teachers (priests, Brothers, and Sisters). And since the increase in the personnel of the missions does not keep pace with the conversions, *the laborers are few*, all too few.

The greatest need in the apostolate to the heathen is not money. By no means! It is missionaries. The lack of laborers is the saddest void in our entire system.

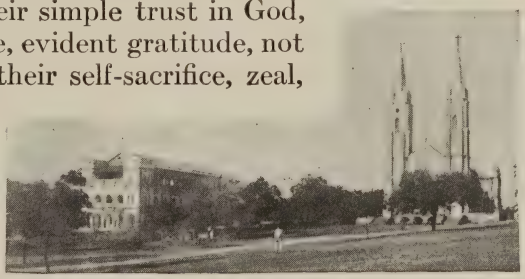
Large centers are, of course, a great drain upon the finances of a diocese or vicariate, for they require better and larger schools and churches, houses for Brothers and Sisters, hospitals and dispensaries, social centers, when possible, to offset the activities of non-Catholic missionaries, the Salvation Army, and the Y.M.C.A. But, notwithstanding the small resources of most of the missions, we repeat — men are far more scarce than means.

The small resources of *most* missions! But are not all missions poor? Using the word mission in its widest sense, that is, for a diocese or vicariate, our answer must be negative. There are missions that are self-sustaining because they are composed of old Christians who have been taught to support the

Church; there are parishes with wealthy parishioners who contribute to the foundation and upkeep of smaller ones; there are large centers, especially in China, where, in the early days, the missionaries made small investments in land that are now profitable; there are fine churches and schools built with indemnities paid by the Chinese Government. These missions are now better off than many parishes in the United States that are contributing to home and foreign missions.

But such cases are isolated. They are not typical. And even in the vicariates mentioned, one finds very poor country districts. It should not be necessary to state that the money collected in Catholic and Christian countries by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is intended for the needy mission and missionary. These are legion.

How gratifying it was to meet them! I did not reach the poorest and most deserving. As a rule, they are so far in the interior, such a distance from the beaten track, that I had not the time required to see them. The priests and Sisters with whom I did come in contact, however, impressed me deeply. Their simple trust in God, their sensible, evident gratitude, not to mention their self-sacrifice, zeal, and good cheer amidst unspeakable hardships and frequent discourage-



THEY MUST BUILD LARGE AND PERMANENT CHURCHES

A VETERAN MISSIONARY

ments, stand out in my memory.

Shall I ever forget the answer of a Superioress of the Little Sisters of the Poor (an American, by the way, from Bennington, Vt.) to my inquiry, "How is it that you manage to keep these three hundred old folks without help from abroad?" "Doesn't the same good God Who provides for our charges in Boston look after our poor here in Shanghai?" she replied.

Remarkable, indeed, is the faith of the foreign missionaries. They start big projects like the building of a central seminary with nothing but hope. They trust in Providence, pray with confidence, and in God's name begin. And I have seen visible answers to their petitions. Sometimes an exceptional appeal reaches the Office in the first mail, is read and blue-penciled "help." That very mail contains the sum needed, or the same afternoon a visitor comes with the required offering.

Nowhere in the world will one find more grateful hearts than those of our modern apostles. They have given all, they know what charity means, and hence can appreciate what others do for them. And they can express their gratitude, too. Help given to them

seems to be not merely so many yens or rupees, but a mark of confidence, a proof of benevolence, an "I'm with you in your difficulties." You can see from their letters, you can detect in their manner the stimulus, the moral effect of a little assistance. It's a tonic to their overtaxed nerves, a ray of sunshine let into their humdrum lives; it has a cheering effect upon their sometimes depressed spirits and weary souls. And all this reacts upon the giver. One can really appreciate how much better it is "to give than to receive" when one has helped the missions.

It is surprising how much our missionaries have accomplished with the scanty means at their disposal. It may be that their very poverty has been an important factor in their success. For it forces them to depend more upon God's grace and assistance. But the need of money in the missions is great, especially in the fields of educational and medical work.

CATHOLIC COLLEGIANS

These two enterprises are important; at least most of our missionaries are of this opinion. In the field of Catholic education, India is ahead of China. In Catholic medical activities, China surpasses India.

In China, there are no colleges as large as those of the Jesuits in Bombay, Calcutta, Mangalore, and Trichinopoly. India, on the other hand, cannot boast of large, well-equipped hospitals like those of Tientsin, Pekin, Hankow, Shanghai, and Hongkong, with the exception of Fr. Muller's famous hospital in Mangalore and St. Martha's in Bangalore.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Just outside of Shanghai, the Jesuits have St. Ignatius' College with 500 boys, and the celebrated Aurora University. Its equipment, especially in the Medical School, is very good. Of its 500 students, about 150 are doing post-graduate work. The Aurora is the only Catholic university in China.

The American Benedictines have purchased a site for a university in Pekin. Two Fathers from St. Vincent's Archabbey, Beatty, Pa., and the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Toole, D.D., are now in China for this purpose. The project is in great measure the result of a visit to China made by Dr. O'Toole when he was a professor at St. Vincent's Seminary. At his own expense, he went to Pekin in 1920 to study the educational system.

In and about Pekin there are five universities and colleges dominated by Protestant influence. Tsing Hua College, built by the United States Govern-

CLOISTER OF CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, PEKIN, CHINA

ment, at a cost of $1,200,000, from the Boxer Indemnity Fund, is controlled by American Protestants. It is a Preparatory School, where Chinese are examined and trained for entrance into American universities. Their expenses are paid from the Indemnity Fund. Of 600 students in the college and an equal number who have passed through it and are now in various American universities, there is not one Catholic.

Japan has four excellent high schools in Tokio, Yokohama, Osaka, and Nagasaki, conducted by the Marianist Brothers, and the Jesuit University in Tokio; but its supply of Catholic hospitals is meager. In Tokio, a city of 5,000,000 population, we have not a single hospital. Corea, as yet, has no Catholic schools for higher secular education and no Catholic hospitals.

We are fairly well supplied with seminaries in the Far East. In the small seminary (corresponding to our preparatory or apostolic school) promising candidates are taught the classics and other high school subjects. In the large seminary, where the students spend six years, two of philosophy and four of theology, they are given a training much like that of seminarians here in the United States. An attempt has been made to raise the standard of ecclesiastical education in China by the foundation of regional or central seminaries to supplant the diocesan schools of theology. The advantage of this is apparent. Besides the ecclesiastical schools for candidates for the secular priesthood, the various Orders and Congregations have seminaries for natives who wish to become Religious.

THREE SEMINARIANS SUPPORTED BY AMERICAN BENEFACTORS

To-day, China and Indo-China each have 1000 priests. In India there are 2000. The extent of the harvest field and the inadequate number of foreign missionaries make it imperative that we multiply the native laborers.

As we have suggested, there is no better way to help propagate the Faith in the Far East than to adopt a native student for the priesthood. In most mission lands it costs about $100 a year.

While the increase in native priests is helpful, it will be many, many years before the supply is sufficient. The present solution of the need of laborers lies in an army of catechists, well-equipped laymen who can take the priest's place.

JUNIOR SEMINARIANS

SELECTING A CATECHIST

But this supposes a large number of schools to train them.

Reading, correspondence with the missions, and personal interviews with the many missionaries who had called at the Boston Office had convinced me of the importance of schools for catechists. Once in the field this conviction was strengthened. But, if conversion to this special enterprise were needed, my companion of six weeks in India would have brought it about.

Fr. Tom's hobby is the *Catechist School.* He talks of it in season and out, writes of it, dreams of it and, of course, prays for it. He has his heart set upon the establishment of a great international mission aid organization to be called the CATECHIST CRUSADE. It would collect funds for opening and maintaining throughout the entire mission field first-

class schools, where these highly specialized lay helpers could be taught and disciplined — in a word, prepared to assist the overworked missionary priests and thus multiply the fruits of their labors.

The need of such coöperation, the wonderful results that have been obtained in missions where catechists are numerous, the blessing of supporting these zealous native assistants, whom one missionary called his "eyes, mouth, ears, hands, and feet," have been set forth in a most interesting pamphlet published by the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Every reader of this booklet, who can afford to do so, will surely adopt a catechist. Send for a copy. If your pocketbook

CATECHISTS IN TRAINING

is slender, but your heart big, your Faith strong, you will persuade a group of friends like yourself to join with you in supplying the $50 a year required.

A CATECHIST

Before the war, money values were greater even in the missions. I once read of a missionary who broadcasted this enticing offer: "Send me $25 to support a catechist and I will give you 500 converts at the end of a year." "An exaggeration," I thought. In India, on the east coast, I met this very man. When he had shown me his mission, related its history, pointed out the secret of its success, I saw that his statement could be true. Lest, however, I should be guilty of an overstatement, let me not be understood to say that every catechist can convert 500 souls in one year.

In the field of primary education, too, there is much room for development. Schools, more schools, better schools are needed. Intelligent, well-grounded Catholics there, as here, will make for the future stability of the Faith. Some dioceses are extraordinarily well equipped with primary Catholic schools. The Archbishop of Colombo, for example, on the island of Ceylon, told me he had 49,000 children in his schools. This, in proportion to the total number of Catholic children in the diocese (50,200), is a better record than we find in Catholic and Christian countries.

A LIVING STAIRCASE

Our medical mission work, as noted above, is better developed in China than in India. There is, however, even in the Celestial Republic, need of many more hospitals. A great number of large centers are not yet supplied. However, our dispensaries (the signboards of the Church, as one missionary called them) are numerous. To see the Sisters administering to the natives in one of these havens of charity would make a mission enthusiast of the most indifferent Christian.

It is in Japan, Corea, and India that medical work is sadly neglected. Think of the city of Calcutta with a population of over 1,000,000 not having a Catholic hospital! The need in Tokio has already been referred to. We are aware that it entails great expense to start a good, modern hospital, and that the cost of maintenance, if there are many free patients, is considerable. We know also that the number of conversions in our hospitals is not as large as might be expected. But, if we were to consider only the care bestowed upon the sick missionaries themselves, it would seem a good investment.

India offers a wonderful field for medical mission work, especially by women doctors. In the Zenana, where a male doctor may not enter, physicians of the opposite sex can do untold good. There are only three Catholic women doctors in this extensive field. Reference has already been made to one, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, whom I met in Guntur. Another, Dr. Anna Dengel, of Rawalpindi, is now in this country lecturing in the interest of this splendid cause to which she is devoting her life.

For some years in England there has been a

WHERE DR. DENGEL RECEIVED HER MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE

Catholic Medical Mission Society. Recently the Catholic Medical Mission Board has been formed in the United States. It is affiliated with the Catholic Hospital Association and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Its purpose is to spread a knowledge of medical missions, to help them by alms, prayers, equipment and personnel. Under its auspices four nurses have already been sent to Akyab, Burma, where they are working in a government hospital.

The August, 1925, issue of the *Bengalese*, the official journal for the foreign missions of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, carries a very welcome announcement of a new foundation. The following quotations are taken from the *Bengalese:*

At Bengalese headquarters were drawn up the constitutions and rules of the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, the joint work of Dr. Anna Dengel and Fr. Mathis, with the counsel on canon law of Rev. Francis McBride, C.S.C., of Holy Cross College. The constitutions of the new society are modeled upon the requirements set down in canon law for a society of women who lead a community life after the manner of religious under proper superiors but without the three usual vows of the religious life.

The founder of the society is Dr. Anna Dengel, an Austrian by birth, who made her medical studies at the University of Cork, Ireland, and who for three and a half years served as a Catholic medical missionary at St. Catherine's Gosha Hospital, Rawalpindi, in the Punjab, India.

Though the Congregation of Holy Cross has no organic connection with the new society, the Foreign Mission Seminary and the BENGALESE, recognizing the merit of the

movement, will place local training facilities, as far as practicable, at the disposal of the members.

Candidates must be fully qualified or trained and have certificates as members of some branch of the medical profession, including doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, etc.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR

In medical and social works and in the field of higher education, our competitors, the Protestant missionaries, have outclassed us. They have more hospitals and doctors, both European and native, and universities with graduate schools, especially in medicine. Almost every large mission has a social

welfare department. The reason for all this? Money. While their means are not limitless, as many believe, they have enough to develop these various nets which lure the people to their compounds.

THE MISSION DOCTOR

Do they make converts, sincere Christians, with all these material attractions? Yes, they do, but not many in comparison with our missionaries. Christian doctrine seems to be secondary with many Protestant missionaries. They train the mind and the body, but Christian teaching often takes a secondary place.

"No one gives what he has not." If the missionaries are not Christians, how can they teach Christ Crucified to the natives whom they are supposed to convert? There are hundreds of sincere, self-sacrificing Protestant missionaries, fervent, well-meaning Christians, who obey the laws of God as they see them. These men and women go to the Far East for

SACRED HEART SCHOOL, LAHORE

souls just as do our priests, Brothers, and Sisters. But they are not typical Protestant missionaries. The method of selection, the short terms of service, the emoluments, the comparative comforts in the Protestant system preclude the possibility of getting a large percentage of high-type candidates. Compare their training or their absolute lack of training with that of our priests and Sisters. Why, there is no comparison whatever. On the boat to the Far East, we met a large group of them, young college graduates of both sexes who decided to look for a berth in China a few months or perhaps a year before they booked up for their berth on the steamer. These are not missionaries. They were good companions on the voyage, but surely not called by God and sent by His Church to preach the Gospel to the heathen.

Perhaps, then, Protestant missionaries are not such a formidable force as we have been led to believe? On the contrary, they are an obstacle to our work in many ways. Their influence in the mission fields cannot be discounted to-day as it could have been fifty or seventy-five years ago. We might make a comparison between the growth of socialism in the United States and the spread of Protestantism in the Far East. Once we could laugh at socialism, not now.

The annual expenditure of $50,000,000 and the efforts of 50,000 well-paid propagandists, working under the direction of over 10,000 energetic American missionaries, to say nothing of those from Canada, Australia, South Africa, Germany, and other Protestant countries of Northern Europe, must be reck-

oned with. Organization is their power. They have marshaled their forces admirably. Men, women, students, and children will find special agencies, societies, and conferences to interest them. Business men, young men, and especially students all over the world, even in the mission lands themselves, are attracted, brought together, trained to know and support missions. The Students' Volunteer Movement, the World's Student Christian Federation, and the Laymen's Missionary Movement are widespread and powerful. Millions of dollars and thousands of recruits are gathered through such organizations.

As the business man advertises his products, so these well-directed associations maintain a strenuous propaganda of the press. Books, magazines, pamphlets, and news items in the daily papers are prepared by well-trained publicity agents and circulated not only in Christian, but pagan countries. There are over 500 Protestant missionary magazines edited in Europe and America. In India alone they have 130 periodicals and 40 printing presses.

But, notwithstanding all the material aid at their command, their really wonderful organization, the easy conditions of membership in their various sects, we are rapidly gaining ground, and in the end are bound to conquer. The following paragraph from

the "Conversion of the Pagan World" sums up the situation, which is most critical:

The hold of paganism upon the people is yet strong, and it is accustomed to the attacks being made upon it. Our competitors are, indeed, formidable, and the difficulties of every kind which impede the onward march of the true propagators of the Gospel are without number; yet, if Catholics fulfill their duty of coöperation, if in the Church there arises a greater, a universal zeal for the cause of the propagation of the Faith, the final victory will undoubtedly be ours, because we have God with us.

THE END

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